

# CAVALCADE

JULY, 1952

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# Cavalcade

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VOL. 16 No. 3

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# CARRY CARRIED A HATCHET

Tall, broad, muscular and armed with a razor-sharp hatchet, she waged a relentless crusade against strong drink.

MELBOURNE THOMAS



**P**OWER is no choice thing. Every one has heard of George Washington's childish whimsy of chopping down one solitary cherry tree, few know of the exploits of The Lady With The Hatchet—Mrs. Carry Moore—who went on the rampage, fifty years ago, with her little son. She frightened hell out of every bartender in America.

Carry Anne Moore Nelson was born on the 25th of November, 1848 in Garretts County, Kentucky (U.S.A.). Her father, Gavron Moore

was a prosperous stock dealer and plantation owner. As a child, Carry was greatly influenced by the superstitious folk-lore and religious fervor of the negro slaves on his father's plantation. At the age of 14 she was converted at a spontaneous ceremony, typical of the South.

Her mother, who unfortunately was mentally unstable, suffered from the prevailing delusion that she was Queen Victoria, and her badly harassed father, who was a devout Baptist, which manifested itself in ex-

travagant, rather extravagant clothes and elegant carriage.

Greatly grieved on by her insubordinate manner, the unfortunate woman by constant change of scene, sought peace of mind. Before Carry was 18, she had lived in more than a dozen different towns in Texas, Kentucky and Missouri. She received only a very meagre education, for she suffered from a serious digestive complaint, which for quite a long period made almost an invalid of her.

Mrs. Moore's mental condition speedily deteriorated, and she spent the last three years of her life in the Missouri State Hospital for the Insane.

After the end of the Civil War, the husband of the Moore family, already shaky, received a body blow, when George Moore got involved in a disastrous business deal in Texas. Thereafter, the family sought sanctuary in the small town of Belton (Missouri).

Here at the age of 21, Carry met and fell in love with Dr. Charles Glynn, a young Union soldier from Ohio. Carry made the same tragic mistake of imagining that a happy marriage was the sure antidote that would cure an inveterate drunkard. All her frantic efforts to wean Glynn of his unbridled craving for drink, failed miserably.

After a hellish few months, she was persecuted by her anxious parents to leave Glynn, who shortly afterwards died of alcoholic poisoning. Not understanding, this sad episode caused Carry to conclude a fateful hatred for all intoxicating liquor.

Carry had to seek a job to keep herself and her newly-born child. But Fate again dealt her a fearful blow. Inevitably struck down her own infant daughter, Charles.

The next four years were spent with

by Carry, who taught at a local primary school. She was ultimately dismissed from this position after an absurd argument with the school authorities over the correct pronunciation of the letter "A."

Then in 1871, at the age of 22, apparently sick of her long-headed struggle, Carry again launched herself on the stormy sea of matrimony, this time with a man twenty years her senior. The bridegroom was David Nelson, a man of various talents, having in turn been an editor, lawyer and minister.

The next ten fateful years were spent by Carry and David in a dozen small Texas towns, with Carry earning most of the money. In 1882, they moved to Medicine Lodge (Kansas), where David became pastor of the local Christian Church. However, his old vocation, the legal profession, strongly beckoned, and he resigned from the ministry to practice law.

Carry, whose hatred of drink was fast becoming a dangerous obsession, organized a strong local branch of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. Kansas had already passed prohibition laws, but illegal still-groggeries flourished everywhere. Carry accordingly declared war on them.

She declared that since saloons were illegal in Kansas, it was permissible for any independent citizen to forcibly enter a gin palace or beer joint, destroy as much of the drink's brew as he could, smash down on the bar itself, smash the ornate wall mirrors and mutilate the rude racks on the walls.

Armed with a deadly little hatchet, she first struck in the spring of 1885, her target being the Hotel Carey at Wichita in Kansas.

Startled drinkers dived for cover, as the wanderer's little axe viciously hit into the bar counter. She chased

**N**OW, these lunatics, don't panic. BUT... experts have estimated that the number of possible ways of playing the last ten moves of a game of chess is 288,242,953,648,000,000,000,000. Which means that on this basis it would take 217,000,000,000 years to go through them all, even if every man, woman and child on the face of the globe—taking the world's population to be 200 millions—were to play without cessation for that period.

thousands of dollars worth of damage, by the time she was finished with the plant.

The court's sentence of seven weeks' jail for this escapade did not deter Curry.

She chopped a swathe through drinking den, sky gags, saloon bars and other rags across the whole State of Kansas. Emporium, Bonaville, Winfield and Lawrence were just a few of the towns through which she blazed her temperance trail.

Having completed an courting apprenticeship in the small towns, Curry Nelson now felt that it was incumbent upon her to tackle bigger and better targets. She set off on a grand tour of the whole United States.

By the time Curry reached New York, she was front page news on every metropolitan daily paper in the whole country. Naturally, she was the laughing of every boulevard in town.

Two contemporary press pictures have preserved for posterity the

appearance of the crusty crusader. The first candid camera shot depicted the Lady With The Hatchet—snatching a cigarette butt from the lips of a startled New York woman.

The second graphic picture caught Curry actually on the war-path. In her left hand, she held open a large copy of the Bible. Her right hand, raised aloft, held her pleasure-reviver—the famous hatchet.

A measure which handbag secured to her waist by a sturdy strap adorned as a gashawl for the hatchet. She invariably wore a deerskin-type of black dress together with a fringed black shawl. The only thing that relieved the funeral appearance of her attire was a large white bow tied under her chin.

The team weaker set was a sad misnomer when applied to Curry. The woman-stead nearly as fast in her plastic-soled boots and topped the scales at 11 stone. She had a pair of muscular arms that any navy wouldn't have been ashamed to own.

Being a woman, Curry wasn't the silent sledge type. Whilst her hatchet was beating into the bar counters, her tongue was let into the assembled company with a brand of parabolic invective someone described as "Bible-like delivered with a genuine diction."

Curry showed considerable ingenuity in raising the necessary funds to pay the regular fines she incurred for disturbing the peace. She sold hundreds of small souvenir replicas of her little axe.

In 1914, her health started to fail. This was hardly surprising in view of the fact that during the previous decade, she had been literally an Aunt Sally for treatment houses and unfortunates drinkers all over America. She had been furiously ejected from dozens of hotels with considerable

violence, and had been punched, shot at and even slashed with knives. Reluctantly, Curry laid down her little hatchet, and retired to the peace and seclusion of a tiny farm in the Green Mountains of Arkansas. During the last few months of her life, she lingered on in hospital, a pathetic figure hovering on the verge of a complete mental breakdown.

She died on the 16th of June, 1915, and was buried in the family grave at Nelson (Missouri). Here, some 12 years later, a few stalwarts of the temperance movement erected a granite shaft on which appeared the simple epitaph—

Curry A. Nelson.  
Fighting To The Cause of Prohibition.  
She Has Done What She Could.

At the time of her death, agents from one temperance society in the shape of a house for drunkards' wives at Kansas City, it appeared that her life-long battle had only achieved a measure of success.

Actually her career taught the "dry" advocates the value of militancy in their campaign. It secured the first possible apple on the prohibition tree, which a decade later was to swell into a mighty wave which swamped the "wet" at the ballot box and launched a dazed America into that amazing era of the law before the speaking, pure measures and craft on the grand scale, in short the Roaring Twenties.





The military master of a top-line Australian commando—each that stands out for health, colour and variety.

## He even beat Blamey

FRANK HAY, truly renowned as an Australian who made a name for himself in Australia, New Zealand, never found the war dull. He was in right at the beginning and he was in right at the end. But the in-between years were somewhat turbulent.

Frank could have been termed a sort of military yo-yo—sometimes private, sometimes gunner, sergeant, private, corporal, private, commando, Australian and Yankee. Fed up to the back teeth in New Guinea early in 1943, he decided to join the United States forces in the Philippines—and did so for three months.

But when he'd had enough and wanted to re-join the Aussie, not

even General Sir Thomas Blamey himself could he then want to re-join him.

Frank never took the war lightly, but he reacted quite easily that it wasn't going to get boring. As a member of 2/3 Battalion, he sailed to the Middle East in January, 1940. He first went into action at Libya and had the quite conspicuous experience of chasing the Italians "way up into the blue" in the Western Desert. Then he went to Greece and had the same thing done to him by the Germans. No, life wasn't dull.

He came back to New Guinea with the 6th Division as a gunner on the 2/1 Field Regiment and managed to be in the crew of the first 15-pounder

down to knock the Japanese outside Buna. But just as life as an infantryman had peaked, so did life as an artilleryman. Other dragons might be enticed with one unit, but not Master Hay.

He managed to talk his way into an outfit called the "E Special Force"—a sort of guerrilla-type-commando-unit—in the New Guinea jungle. Life wasn't exactly dull in this congenial company either, but—by obvious means—the jungle pelted after a while. When Frank heard that the old 6th Division was heading for India, he decided it was time to change. So he managed to transfer back to his old infantry battalion.

But he was hooked—the 6th Division came back to New Guinea, Undarated, Frank resolved to do something about it himself. With a coluber, he stowed away on a Liberty ship en Africa, ostensibly bound for the Philippines.

According to my military record, that's describing in my own's language. But the difference was this: There was nothing in New Guinea but heat, flies, malaria and jungle, jungle, jungle. Frank had seen, as awful lot of jungle. No lightning-jungle jungle.

In the Philippines there was the rain and moisture of a jungle going on and Frank and his pal decided their jungle as well be an officially as unofficially. It was a free war wasn't it?

But the Liberty ship didn't go to the Philippines. With its two aviation storeships down below, the craft only docked up the coast a bit and the storeships left; surely before they were unwillingly sailed back to Australia.

Landings in Australia, pleasant as it would have been for an interlude of rest and relaxation, would

have taken a party of explaining.

They managed to scrounge U.S. uniforms from friendly and not-too-hostile O.I.'s, and after stowing away on another ship the pair reached at last the U.S. Air Force assembly depot.

Here, Frank's pal, Larry, decided that he'd had enough of this space-past existence. He was eager to go home. The presents were there, it took him several days to get himself sorted. Everyone would fire him was far too busy to worry about an alleged Australian on the loose—particularly if he wanted to give himself up.

But Frank Hay was just beginning to enjoy himself. A good enough reason he decided out a creditable American accent and got by. But he still hadn't got to the Philippines.

The American air crew were all side and friendly and "sure they'd like to help a lot but..."

Finally, Frank crawled his 15-stone into the belly compartment of a C-47 Commando heading for Mindanao in the Philippines. For several long, agonising hours, he half-awakened, miserably cold, in the aircraft's small compartment, stoddard over the undercarriage gear.

When the aircraft touched down he fell out into the arms of a ground sergeant. Frank may have been cold but his grey matter wasn't numb.

"Had a hell of a trip?" he asked sharply as he rubbed around and helped the ground crew wheel the gear away up to the plane's side. The ground crew is probably still trying to not be out.

Here, approaching the front line, Frank found things even cooler — to look he began to wonder just how far a man could go on the loose as the war. Nobody took any notice of this hairy Australian who by now

**A PASSING MENTION OF  
THE FALLACY OF  
TRUSTING IN PROVERBS**

Some citizens, I'm grieved to  
say,  
have no hunch-baked in  
sorrow:  
not only are they here in  
day —  
they're also here tomorrow

— JAY-JAY

had given up his American accent and spoken straight Vietnamese. He wandered into restaurants any old where and had all the grub he wanted; he slept in strange backback rooms and never seemed to push on anyone else's premises. Trust loyalty.

But he'd come to see a scrap. About a week after the horse-plane trip he worked his way up to the forward area and boldly approached the American colonel in charge of the 2nd Engineer, 4th U.S. Cavalry Division, and demanded to join the unit.

If the colonel was surprised at this request from a perfectly unknown and rather tough-looking Aussie, he didn't show it.

"Hey!" he yelled to his quarter leader. "Give this guy a gun and some bullets for it." He sloped off.

Frank reported to a company, was taken on ration strength but not on pay strength. He even did a tour of duty with the unit.

Not being on pay strength was no

great handicap because his new "buddies" saw him right. He was slightly wounded by an electric mine but stuck with the unit until it was withdrawn to Manila for a spell.

By the time, however, the state had got round that an Aussie on the loose had posed with the Yanks at Manila Frank found a reception committee of newspaper correspondents looking for a bit of slightly different copy. You didn't find common straggled armies wandering round every day and Frank's story made headlines.

But there was better copy to come. The correspondents told Frank his old division—the 4th—was off to Burma. Frank believed them. He had seen enough of the Philippines and decided he'd like to get back to his unit and speak his own language again. Hey, he thought I got myself awarded a star and hoofed back to Aussie, serve a week or so in the stocky and off's well.

Which was his error. No one wanted him. Yes, you, they knew he was an Australian and that he was on the loose and all that but what the hell? Why didn't he stay put here. Nothing wrong with the life, was there?

Burma or bust, and Hey.

About that time, General Harnay, G.O.C. Australian troops, was visiting Manila. If the Yank generals wouldn't do their job, thought Frank, he'd have to trouble the General. Tipped the reporters the week, he half-hitched the great man one afternoon.

"Afternoon, sir," said Frank, saluting smartly. "I've been represented the A.I.F. in the Philippines, but I've had enough and want to get back to the 4th Div."

"Ho—do you?" said General Harnay and whistled through his teeth. "D'ye know something, Hey? You're going

to be in plenty of trouble when you get back. But I can't help you—get back the same way you got here."

Harnay stroked off on his serene way; Frank scratched his head and went something concerned.

It was an American officer who finally took pity on Frank and got him a position aboard a supply ship for Malapais. He was flown from there to Atappo, point of original departure. There he had no difficulty in getting awarded a star.

He was now-enlisted on a technical charge of A.W.L., but all he lost were his stripes.

Yet the bitterest pill was to come! The correspondents had been wrong. The 4th Division—with Frank finally re-enlisted in its honor—didn't go to Burma. It came back to Wewak, a few miles from Atappo. And there it stayed until the end of the war. By some minor miracle, Frank stayed with it.

After the war Frank returned his job as a retirement coach. Before long he married a young New Zealand lass, and set out for Australia about three years ago.

As at writing, he's still there.





# the truth of Little Big Horn

H. A. McMillan

American's most famous general was the Indian George Armstrong Custer whose courage won the respect even of blood-crazed Indians.

A LITTLE over 75 years ago—on June 25, 1876, to be exact—4,000 and 500 troops of the United States cavalry went down to their destruction before a raging swarm of Plains Indians.

The General was George Armstrong Custer; the Indians were the Sioux, led by the formidable Sitting Bull, and the Northern Cheyennes, under the chieftainship of an unconquered solitary genius named Crazy Horse.

Though no white men survived the massacre, every Indian's dog in the West of America soon had a lithograph of its version of "Custer's Last Stand." Later, several films gave their impression of what happened.

But it was only in 1926 that an Indian warrior, who claimed to have been at the battle, told what he in-

stated was the true factual account.

George Armstrong Custer was born on December 5, 1832, at New Rumley, Ohio. His father was a blacksmith, but his grandfather, named Kuster, was a Russian officer who settled in the United States.

Young Custer made up his mind from early boyhood to be a soldier. His ambition was realized when, in 1851, he entered West Point, where he was trained as a cavalry officer.

He proved a diligent student and graduated at the top of a class of thirty-four in 1854, but he was a brilliant shot, an excellent equestrian, and a superb horseman. Two days after his graduation he was court-martialed for failing to stop a fight between two cadets when officer of the guard, but on the Civil War

had broken out, the charge was paper-thin and he was posted to his regiment in time to take part in the battle of Bull Run, arriving during the morning of the fight.

He came under the notice of General McClellan who was Commander-in-Chief of the Northern Forces at that time. The general described Custer as "a laughing, nervous boy who was assured that anyone should have taken notice of his exploits."

McClellan made Custer one of his aides.

Custer had now risen from a second-lieutenancy to a captain, but his continued gallantry soon stamped him as a brilliant cavalry leader and a brigade of Michigan volunteers was raised for him to command with the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

In 1849 he was on sick leave and married Elizabeth Bacon, daughter of a judge. When he returned to the front he once again showed brilliant leadership and courage, losing three horses shot under him at Gettysburg.

After the Civil War he was sent West as an Indian fighter. He led the expedition against the Indian Chief, Black Kettle, in 1868. He also took command of the 5th U.S. Cavalry and raised it to be one of the most efficient cavalry units in the U.S. Army.

In 1874 gold was discovered on the Black Hills area of South Dakota . . . the land "Red Lands" of glady fame.

The area was settled by the Sioux under Sitting Bull, who, ordered to take his people back to the reservations, refused to leave the Black Hills. The U.S. Government thereupon declared him hostile.

At the time Custer was under suspicion from the army. During a Congressional investigation of graft and general shoddiness against Government-appointed Indian leaders, Belknap (the War Minister) was among those charged, so was the

brother of President Ulysses S. Grant. Custer gave glowing evidence against them and was relieved of his command by Grant.

He was, however, re-instated in time to take part in the expedition against the Sioux. On May 18th, 1876, the army launched a three-pronged attack . . . with Custer leading one of the columns.

It is said that even then he had a premonition of death.

In her book, "Boots and Saddles," Mrs. Custer remarks that, when her husband rode out of Fort Abraham Lincoln at the head of his regiment to the attack of "Garryowen," she felt that she would never see him alive again.

Custer followed an Indian trail up the Little Big Horn River to Montana, and at last came in sight of a large Indian encampment on June 25th. He had orders to attack on June 26, when General Terry, who was to come in from the mouth of the river, would be ready to attack also.

However, when Custer reached the outskirts of the Indian camp he sent out his scouts. They reported that there were about 1,200 warriors there. Custer had a force of 600 men. The odds were 2 to 1. He decided to attack.

He divided his command into three sections, sending 118 men under Major Reno, across the valley, and a scouting force under Captain Benteen, to the left of the encampment.

He himself retained the remainder of the force and moved around to the right in order to strike at the camp further down the river. Reno and Benteen had orders to join in the fight immediately their commander engaged the enemy.

Custer had made what was literally the mistake of his life. In the first place, his scouts had underestimated the strength of the Indians.

Between 1,500 and 1,600 of these rode out to meet Custer's pallid 22d.

The general awoke and ran to fight on foot . . . the men formed themselves into a circle and the fight was on.

King failed to contact Custer. He was driven off in a high bluff where he ordered his troops to dig in. He was joined there by Reinstein. Custer was alone.

The troops battle lasted less than an hour. Custer and his 22d were dead. The Indians lost only 25 warriors.

And here the memory of Custer begins. The facts so far are all clear enough. On the morning of June 25, Lieutenant Bradley, scouting an advance of Terry's troops, struck at the scene of the massacre.

Dead men and horses lay on the battlefield; all the human bodies had been scalped and horribly mutilated with the exception of Custer's own. The general's body was unscathed save for a bullet wound in the left temple.

Why had Custer's body not been scalped? Is "Our Wild Indians" (published in 1911), Colonel R. I. Dodge's advocacy a theory? "The fact that General Custer was not scalped convinces me that he died by his own hand. The Indians will never scalp or otherwise mutilate the body of a warrior, as they regard a man who will take his own life in the same light as they regard a god."

This, however, remained only a theory. Dodge had no proof that he was correct, and contemporary prints showed Custer dying at the hands of the Indians.

As I have said it was not until 1896 that, at a gathering of old plainsmen, Chief Buffalo Child, one of the Indian survivors of the affair, gave what he claimed to be an eyewitness account.

According to him, Sitting Bull

know that Custer was leading the cavalry against him. The Indian warrior-prince issued specific instructions that the general himself was not to be harmed.

Again? Back in 1881, when the Sioux were at peace with the whites, Sitting Bull had visited the East and had been taken on a tour of West Point. There he had met Custer and the two young men were immediately drawn to each other. They went through the ceremony of the blood brother, which to the Indians means that once a man has become his blood brother he remains such for life.

It is doubtful if Custer even remembered the incident, but Sitting Bull most certainly did.

Old Buffalo Child said that, when the battle had been on for some time, it must have become obvious to Custer that the Indians were not trying to kill him. He probably drew the logical conclusion that they were saving him for torture and the stake.

Buffalo Child states that, when the battle was nearly over, he saw Custer, who was shooting from behind a dead horse, push his hat on the back of his head and pay attention about him to see if any of the "blacks" were still alive. There was a lot of dust and smoke everywhere, but he could see that some of the soldiers were living.

Sitting Bull then ordered six of his braves to go and bring "Yellow Hair" out from where he had been fighting like "a big brave." But the white man continued to fight and shot four of the men before the other two killed.

Sitting Bull next decided his men knew to go and get Custer. The Indian, not knowing that Sitting Bull did not mean to harm him, turned the barrel of his revolver in his left temple and pulled the trigger.

In the words of Buffalo Child, "He was dead at once, and Sitting Bull went and turned him over with his feet and took his revolver. Sitting Bull did not say anything then, but when he went to Canada he used to be sorry that Custer had done that."

Sitting Bull returned over the Canadian border and was killed in 1882 when attempting to come back to the States. A few Indians who fought against Custer are still living.

Custer devoted a great deal of his time to writing, and his outspoken criticisms of high Government officials made many enemies. Some of

these accused him of displaying animosity by attacking the Indians on the 25th, instead of the 26th, claiming that he was seeking personal revenge. To this his defenders replied that the time to attack was not definitely decided upon, it being left to Custer's own discretion.

It seems undeniable that if his subordinates, Reno, had played a more courageous part, the result might have been different.

But "ifs" are now superfluous. The fact remains that Custer died . . . and Buffalo Child's story seems to explain how and why.





# COACHES CATCH ULCERS

College football in America has deteriorated from a sport into a nerve-racking, pinhead-quicker battle



FRANK BROWNE

IT'S a miracle to play and the crowd of severely threatened full-throated Americans, packed around the gridiron, are howling lustily. There are two unknown teams in there and the score is tied. Suddenly, out of a line scrimmage, a flurried encounter with the ball. He falls back a few paces and makes a forward pass, a beautiful thing to watch, a spinnery oval of leather. Forty yards up the field, a punter catches the ball and goes over for a touchdown.

As a place kick jumps an additional point in the six brought by the touchdown, the pistol cracks, and the score flashes. The crowd leaps the ground, at least, that half of the crowd that supported the winning

team. On the sidelines a man in a suit is surrounded by eager players and spectators—he's the winning coach. He has been working more than the head man of the U.S. college in coaches, and the victory means that he'll be able to get even more next year. He's not . . . at least for now.

The other coach is probably walking off the field towards the dressing room. For him the future is anywhere but bright. Between now and next football season he can easily be laid out for a job.

The college itself doesn't pay either the prospective football stars or the coaches. This is half the trouble. In fact, it is nine-tenths of the trouble

Some of the men who get up the money are men who never chose anything while at the college, but now want to cut a dash as Alumni. They want victory at any price, and the reputation of the college as a scholastic institution, or one whose sportsmanship is a valued quality, couldn't matter less.

It is under the colorless drive of these cheating padlocks that the big money has come into college football. True, the colleges get the profits from ticket sales. But they have paid a dreadful price in return.

The changes for the worse that have been brought about by college coaches trying to stay on the payroll are legion. One of the changes that even more else of the desperate striving for the victory is what is now known as the two-plateau system. Gradually, until a short few years ago, was played by two teams of 11 men, with substitutes freely allowed, according to injuries and the state of the game. If a team was in position for a forward pass, then a man who specialized in throwing or catching them might be sent in. A man hard to stop close to the line might be sent in to finish off a wounded attack. And so on.

But some players on either side, generally a majority, played for either the whole or the greater part of the match.

One winter day in 1915 Michigan University was playing Ohio, and the Michigan coach, in defiance, treated his whole side off and replaced it with a new 11, and then when the attack was again on did the same thing.

It violated everything but the rules. It changed the game radically for the worse, by making most specialists in one particular phase of play rather than all-rounders capable of holding their own in all circumstances.

Since then, the two-plateau system

has become the accepted thing with all top football colleges, and because of the added number of players now needed for squads, has intensified the evil of talent poaching.

In certain colleges, making of a coach is automatic after a season with 25 per cent losses. Others have a definite rule about certain other colleges and the desirability of beating them. Win the game against Stanford—better during the season.

Football coaching pays better in the U.S.A. than almost anything in sport, but being a popular heavyweight champion, the future will certainly be disturbed by a lot of people, from the Dean of the college down. His shortcomings will be given a full parade. The best he can look forward to is a pay talk from a group of influential old boys of the college who know they can get him fired and know that he knows it. He won't have a happy summer.

Over the years American college football has become more and more brutalized, intensified more and more with scholarship, the primary reason for the existence of any college.

Top football colleges across the country for talent. A lot of 25 leading high school with good football prospects might get letters from ten or twelve colleges. The offers will range from free tuition, board and keep, and pocket money to all the new substantial cash payments, plus new model cars. But it's like the "one-armed bandit": the padlocks are limited and there's no prize for a new one.

Yet the men who really started all this, the men who made people realize that a football game was worth as much to the student as in the service, would have been appalled at what has happened in American College football.

He's been dead 22 years. His name

British reporters gasped by the recent success in the number of enemy watches made a survey. Finding A magnetic field built up by TV sets' electric current was causing the trouble. Quite a DBC spokesman, indignantly disapproving: "It can't be possible that TV affects watches. It has never happened at Alexandra Palace" (The Alexandra Palace is the television HQ of the B.B.C.)

is still revered as a football magnate who could secure victory when defeat looked certain. But he was too sleight, and he was too fast, with athletes who could do their stunts, and not with numbers headed out of field or fanned to play a game devoid of any form of sportsmanship.

His name was Knute Rockne, and this is his story.

Rockne was a Norwegian, who came to America at the age of five. His people were poor, too poor to think about giving him a Varsity education, so Rockne, who dreamed of one day becoming a chemist, worked after school and saved enough to take him to college. He was a Protestant, but he chose Notre Dame, a Catholic College, because the fees were cheaper.

He was light 145, far too light for football as played in 1912. In the intervals between studying and poring his keep as chemist and room-scout on the chemical laboratory, Rockne dreamed of replacing bones in the game with brains. He considered his dream to his room mate

Charles Dorn, like himself, too light for football. That summer, they went to Cedar Point, a beach on Lake Erie, to earn enough money for their next year of college.

Rockne for this year had worked out his strategy. He had seen a forward pass executed in a game, and he figured that if, instead of that happening accidentally, he and Dorn could make an expert team to do it, he would have a reputation to place the defense Madison. They practiced all summer. Then back to Notre Dame and a try-out in the football squad.

The pay-off came later in the year. West Point, the most powerful side in America, agreed to play the little mid-western college for the sake of giving the side a run. Between them, Rockne and Dorn cut the powerful Army side to pieces, for Notre Dame to run out winners.

The side that was to dominate American college football in three out of every four seasons, for the next 25 years was born!

Rockne became assistant coach of the side in 1915 and, in 1916, became coach. He then began to avoid the sides whose players reached dinner heights than his before or after that he was not a run-at-any-price man. Listen to his definition: "Sportsmanship means fair play. It means a real application of the golden rule. Wrestling and glancing, or any form of dishonesty have no place in it."

And this one: "We play no favorites. My eleven BEST men will make up my first eleven, regardless of nationality, creed, financial status, or social prominence."

Rockne meant every word of it. In 1918, a very important personage showed him the greatest secret to know why his son hadn't played in a certain game. Rockne had strict orders about non-players in dressroom rooms. He tossed the VIP out. The

son threatened to lose his job for him. The coach told him to go ahead. His boy hadn't played because he wasn't good enough to make the side and that was that.

From the 1920s (the men putting up the money), Rockne had policies, but nothing beyond it. He wouldn't mind a man who couldn't pull their weight in studies. He didn't care how many football games were won or lost.

He was advisor, friend, philosopher, financier and served father to his

boys. When he died, in a plane crash in 1931, he was regarded almost as much as a man who had not only changed the face of a gridiron game, but brought qualities of decency, honesty and unselfishness to a game-lose.

To-day, Rockne wouldn't recognize football, even at the college where he turned out his backs of golden warriors.

But of the game it is to survive, the qualities that he brought to it must return.

## NIMBUSMAN HEIGHTS

By GLADYS WILLIAMS



POOR DEEPLY, ALWAYS HELPFUL, STOPPED TO HELP A WOMAN CHANGE A TIRE, AND FORGOT UNTIL SHE HAD GAINED HIM AND DRIVEN OFF, THAT HE HAD LOST HIS COAT IN THE RUBBER SEAT OF HER CAR.

Scorned was a killer, one of the most vicious ever developed in the business of Prohibition.

DAMON MILLS



## the MURDERER and the REDHEAD

THE little man was sleek and slippery. He looked carefully about the smoke-filled pool room, glancing one or two eyes wide at revolutionaries.

Suddenly his gaze stopped at a man, dark, thin-lipped youth. He walked over to him and said, "Hey, kid—you wanna earn a buck?"

The youth nodded.  
"You ever do any jobs for any of the boys before?"

The youth spat the spit out of his mouth. "Sure," he muttered. "Sure, I have. I done jobs for Big Al and Dutch Paul and—"

The little man said softly, "You're a liar. I know you haven't done any jobs yet. But I want you because

you're here, and you look to me like a kid who—if he keeps his mouth shut and watches how things are done—might start to pick up more than maybe a buck."

He added sharply, "What's your name?"

The youth said quickly, "Scorned—Leonard Scorned."

That Leonard Scorned took the first step along the road that was eventually to make him one of the most notorious figures of the outlaw-soldier New York of the thirties...

There was a lot of big money being tossed around by product fingers in the speak-easies of the United States in the Prohibition era. Young thugs

like Scorned working on the outskirts of gangster found themselves able to cash quite a deal of it.

One night in a speak-easy in Springfield, Massachusetts, a fat, expensively dressed drunk began to get noisy and make trouble.

Two heavily-muscled bouncers moved over to his table. In a moment, despite his drunken protests, he was whisked away and out of sight of the other patrons of the night club. He was dumped in an adjacent alley.

Meanwhile, suddenly, the fat man began to stagger in his feet. Then a slim, dark figure moved quickly out of the shadows.

A scolding sounded violently against the bald skull of the drunk. A check-out green came from him, and he spat out again.

The slim figure dropped to one knee, and with a quick movement viciously pushed the fat man over on to his back. The figure propped himself up on the man's chest and grunted out a harsh, snarl. Leonard Scorned was making easy money.

One night Frank Wilson, a kind of silent and general troubleshooter for a prominent Springfield bootlegger, disappeared.

Wilson was carrying several hundred dollars he had collected for his employees at the time, and the money, of course, also disappeared.

What the police authorities did not and that could a number of years later was that Leonard Scorned had used that several hundred dollars to take him to New York, where he could get amongst the big money in organized crime.

What the police also found four years later on the outskirts of Springfield was the body of Frank Wilson.

After he had been waylaid and shot, Wilson had been buried head down in a post hole—while still alive.

It was about the time that the movement of Wilson were found that Scorned really began to get places in the crime world of New York. But as yet the police had no record of him.

There was someone, however who did have a very personal record of him—the being Scorned's mother, in the curvaceous shape of a beautiful redhead.

And it was here that Scorned made the one great error of his career in crime—he learned this redhead.

He had at this time decided to form a mob of his own, and in getting it together he had discovered that one member of the mob, Frank Rizzo, had a beautiful wife.

Scorned, despite his notorious predilection, was also something of a connoisseur of beauty, and the beauty of the wife of Frank Rizzo hit him hard. So hard that he told the redhead she was through.

The redhead displayed the fiery temperaments for which her tribe are famous, but she still found herself with two thick coats but no Leonard.

Scorned then decided that something had to be done about the husband who was so inconveniently married to his intended new housemate.

Frank Rizzo was invited for a ride—a one-way ride. His bill of divorce went from his beautiful wife—down up, signed, and served by Leonard Scorned—was a bullet in the back.

It was inevitable that Scorned decided to break into one of the most lucrative sections of the 1930's—kidnapping.

He became associated with a man called Morris Street, and they decided to kidnap a male member of a family with an outstanding political record.

Meanwhile, however, funds were badly needed by the Scorned mob. A bank stick-up was planned. The

# STATE OF THE NATION (XIII)

"I remember, I remember the house where I was born," the poet sighed, and I recall an equally far-flung I too recall a homestead built upon a river-bank where, in the drought, the bullocks bugged in mud, expired and well or sick, with memory's eyes, I saw again sandstone cool and wide, fast-paced with tongued tropic vines where carpet-smokes would hide, only mine I hear the sither of their sliny belly-scales and I clasp my brow in sorrow as I grow my finger-hills in grief for all that's lost to me. death-odds on the door, weapons in the porry and scumptions on the floor, red-back spiders in the wood-work, swarmed toads in every crack.

Oh, dear, familiar boyhood-lands, why don't I have you back? I swoon for you! I swoon for you! And don't think this year's toll I much prefer death-odds to not any house at all.

—JAY-PAY

place selected was Rensselaer, a small town in the State of New York with a population of only ten thousand.

It was here once again, however, that Scarsdale made another bad error. One of the bank tellers sounded off a burglar alarm during the course of the stick-up, bringing a detective and a patrolman upon the scene.

The Scarsdale mob ran, guns blazing in the blinding cross-fire that followed, the patrolman went down with a bullet in the groin, and the detective crashed to the sidewalk, dead.

Yet Scarsdale still remained a stranger to the New York police chief.

But the tales were slowly beginning to work against the killer and his mob. When the employees of the bank at Rensselaer were shown a composite picture of pictures one of the girl clerks positively identified one of the gunmen shown as one of the Scarsdale stick-up mob.

The police immediately threw out a dragnet for the identified mobster, a small-time crook called Marcel Poffo. Their hope was that they would be able to make Poffo talk.

But Killer Scarsdale had no desire that Poffo should become conspicuous—least of all, with the police—so. So once again he used his unflinching prerogative, a bullet. But before he used the bullet he used the stick and of the gun—so smash Poffo's face in.

Leonard evidently had some idea that Poffo may have been a co-operative teller with the police. Leonard was also evidently a little uncertain of the loyalty of another member of the mob, Max Perkins. His body was found huddled with that of Poffo.

Immediately after the dual killing, Scarsdale carried out the kidnapping he had planned with Munny Street

A ransom of a quarter of a million dollars was demanded, but the mob finally settled for \$2,000 dollars.

The New York police were completely beaten by the series of unsolved killings Scarsdale had put their way. No leading mobsters were swooning in their secret lairs, dread-mur the blast of public criticism.

And then like a sudden brilliant rainbow across their overcast skies came . . . Leonard's reward.

The stinging effects of Scarsdale's abandonment of her well-murdered mobster. She went to Inspector Blackman of the homicide bureau

and soon cooked Leonard's goose.

They caught up with Scarsdale in the Bronx. Faced with the death and not the back of a squad of hefty patrolmen, the dreaded killer became something else again.

The gas fell from a trembling, nervous hand. He went into captivity in a stark, white-faced terror.

He was convicted for the bank robbery and the murder of the detective. One morning some time later, when the lights in the penitentiary dimmed accidentally, everyone knew Leonard Scarsdale had met with his inevitable retribution.



## THE SAD AFFAIRE OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT

A GILBERTIAN mix-up occurred when the King of Cambodia decided to present President Truman with an elephant



THERE'S something (though heaven knows what) about an elephant that everyone loves—and none are more enamored to the plaintive purrings of the U.S. whose emblem it is. Once we started their affection.

Ever since we landed on Colombo docks to sniff the humidity-scented breeze which wafted after Capitan Isle and to stand in the ad columns of a local (learned that) what topped on menu price lists for bargain

what—we could purchase a baby elephant it has always been our aim: to own one . . . a, ha, this and shape no obstacle.

Lately, however, we have begun to have our doubts.

And so apparently, have the Democrats and Republican Parties of the United States.

It is a sad, and story which was first introduced by a subject in some U.S. circles.

The subject reported barely that

"His Majesty Norodom Sihanouk Var-ma-ni, King of Cambodia, intended to present President Truman with a White Elephant."

A intense remonstrance of the majority of groves immediately demanded upon the White House. Democratic Party Headquarters were equally concerned. The Republicans were just as certain.

Only a gainst American monthly was inspired to murmur: "Think of the effect on the inhabitants of the or that whistle-stop if, as President Truman appeared at dawn on the rear platform of his train, he was accompanied by the very symbol of the Opposition, kneeling at his side and, on the delivery of telling rhetoric, trumpeting with shrill appreciation."

The international bad-bush, however, remained unshaken.

Except in Cambodia. To perpetrate a masterpiece of understatement, the Cambodian populace were "upset," it being their firm conviction that White Elephants should be awarded only to the Supreme Ruler of their country.

The affair, rapidly developed into a do-or-die and even a race international crisis.

Everyone—and none more than the elephant itself—began to become more and more overworked and diplomatic dispatches began to fly brisker and faster like an such content.

It was a spectacle which would have delighted the ribbed hearts of Mervyn Gilbert and Sullivan; but it has taken the column of the U.S. State Department concerned to reveal the full history of the behind-the-scenes scenes.

The first plaintive note of dissonance was sounded by the U.S. Charge d'Affaires at Saigon.

Saigon complained to the U.S. Charge d'Affaires at Phnompenh (Cambodia). "All Saigon newspapers carry announcement that King of Cambodia will send White Elephant to President

Truman on occasion of Cambodian Minister King Keng's arrival at Washington. President quoted as being appreciative and intending give elephant to Washington Zoo, please confirm, without encouragement to Cambodians if offer or acceptance is really firm."

Phnompenh's reply was both prompt and apologetic. Since, so far as could be gathered the U.S. Charge there revealed, a certain "Mr. Brady" had dropped in from Saigon to announce that American Consul U.S.S. "Wendell" was leaving Saigon and would consent to transport an elephant which was understood to be a gift to President Truman.

They really had come under the heading of Hot News to the Phnompenh office. Interested, the Phnompenh Charge dashed off in such accordance with King Norodom Sihanouk Varman.

The interview, unluckily, had been highly unsatisfactory. The U.S. envoy reported that the King, "although most helpful, seem to the extent of giving an elephant, under the circumstances, had not previously promised one."

Moreover, His Majesty had gone on to emphasize that "in any case, it was impossible to produce an elephant that alone a while, and that day."

And, to check matters, he had disclosed that it would be extremely difficult to present President Truman with a white elephant for the simple reason that "they were non-existent in Cambodia, anyone."

A, half-dysentery U.S. diplomat indeed miserably back to his dwelling. What happened to "Mr. Brady" has not been recorded, but a stunned hush sank on U.S. diplomatic circles in Saigon.

Saigon was roused from its torpor only by a cable from Washington. The despatch was plain.

## FASHION NOTE

Dresses and suits that can be dried after a shower just by a shake or two may soon be in British shops. The clothes—for men and women—have been treated with a new shower-proof process. And embossed propaganda claims that to dry the chemically-treated clothes you needn't even take them off, a "winkle of the body is enough." The new process is said to be permanent and will add "only a few shillings" to the cost.

It read on part, "Elephant story probably evolved from item in Washington newspaper apparently based on conversation between State Department officials and Washington Zoo . . . no offer from Cambodia of Elephant, white or otherwise . . . no White House release . . . no comment from President."

Yet—with what can be described only as an ironic whimper—the message concluded: "For prior information, Latham Lines offers free transport Saigon to New York of Elephant"—the which the one rational explanation can be that Washington, once having snatched elephant, declined to be put off the matter.

And what Washington wanted, Washington got. Soon Saigon was thanking His Excellency, the Cambodian Minister of Foreign Affairs, for "the gift of an Elephant (color not noted) which His Majesty has graciously made to President Truman." Phnompenh also followed by advising that arrangements should be made to transport the elephant to

Saigon and thence to Manila where it would embark for the United States.

And that—you would have thought—was that. It would also have been your mistake. The Myths East always carries several aces up its sleeve. Within a day or two, Phnompenh was frantically warning Saigon: "Responsible to send Elephant to Manila by next boat; truck route only opens."

As a military warning, the harassed Phnompenh office added: "The Elephant is seven years old; about six feet high; weighs 11 world giant 4,200 lbs.; is a male, but supposed to be pretty well behaved; as for food, eats sugar cane (imported on a boat voyage), corn, rice straw and guddu."

The sensitive finished disconsolately: "The Cambodians can't seem to say how much he eats each day."

Phnompenh might have saved itself the effort. Almost simultaneously, Saigon was reporting indignantly: "Captains of river steamer refuse to take Elephant, suspect air transport."

Confronted with this, Cambodian experts scented vulgar belittlement. Elephants, they asserted blithely, get air sick; and when elephants get air sick, they run amok.

Reluctantly, Phnompenh returned to the original idea of the truck. And before it or not, a Frenchman—once known to Geller—was actually persuaded to undertake the cartage.

Everything seemed rosy and Phnompenh was presumably breathing sighs of heartfelt relief when M. Geller suffered a severe hesitation.

"I have been informed by a person who has worked with elephants for several years that these animals are very nervous and these 'machines' are not always their masters," he wrote the Phnompenh Charge d'Affaires reprovingly. "I regret therefore that I must withdraw my proposal."

At which, no one could conceivably

have blamed the Phnompenh Charge d'Affaires if he had justified himself. But he was obviously made of very stern stuff: within 24 hours, he had located a Mr. Roman R. Lotbary who was prepared to do what M. Geller would not.

Mr. Lotbary's plan was to truck the Elephant to Saigon where it would board ship for Singapore. At Singapore, it would join another ship and sail round the Cape to New York. With this end in view, Mr. Lotbary had secured a "machin."

At least, he was under the impression that he had engaged a "machin." The "machin" seems to have differed from our swift glider on the elephant, instantaneously discovered that he had a sick motion, and departed without further ado to nurse him. Strangely enough, neither Mr. Lotbary nor the Phnompenh Charge d'Affaires shot themselves . . . or the "machin." Instead, they set about acquiring a second "machin."

Unfortunately, Phnompenh "machins" who wished to tour the United States had recently disappeared from the face of the earth, and when one-by-one some minor miracle—was located, the Cambodian Government stopped in to object that this particular elephant-addict had no passport and—yet to complicate matters—"no warm clothes."

With laudable self-restraint, neither Mr. Phnompenh Charge d'Affaires nor Mr. Lotbary shot either the "machin" or the Cambodian Government . . . or themselves. Once again, they stated themselves to struggle with a Gordian knot and in the end they somehow or other managed to get through it.

Elephant, "machin" and Mr. Lotbary departed, truck-borne, for Saigon. "I regret the original delay," Phnompenh wired warmly as they went. "With best regards and best

wish that you and I have heard the last of 'L'Affaire de l'Elephant'."

"Elephant on way to Singapore for transportation to States," replied Saigon, wistfully conciliatory.

A holy trident settled on diplomatic circles. No specter of an elephant any longer haunted civil officials to need them skipping and weaving in re-arranging round-abouts in the mid-day sun. All was placid and serene.

Then the bomb burst like a trope storm. The Phnompenh Charge d'Affaires had just reached home after handing to the Cambodian Minister of Foreign Affairs an assurance that the elephant would be received in New York with all the ceremonial required by protocol when he was headed a Washington Radio "State Department informed Cambodian elephant died aboard ship at Cape Town, burial at sea; 'machin' being returned via States."

If the Phnompenh Charge d'Affaires had been stricken by apoplexy, we would not have blamed him. Apparently, however, he was not.

We can merely point out that Rear Mordecai Shmukovitch Verman had the last word.

"I regret very much that the present did not reach President Truman," His Majesty wrote apologetically. "I shall have to offer another gift of value to the President, but one which is more transportable. I am thinking of offering him a statue from Angkor."

(Under no may suspicion—in a City of the Dead. The Myths East also has a strange sense of humor.)

We cannot, of course, guess how President Truman, the Democrats or the Republicans (for that matter) saw fit to respond, but paradoxically we'd be willing to settle for just that.

After all, visitors don't get air sick; they don't need "machins"; and, unlike Baby Elephant, they don't grow up to cause international crises.

# THE END of Arguments



## How Long Is The 'Thinking of an Eye'?

Sometimes or other, all of you, reporters of alikes, must have wondered curiously, "But it all happened in a twinkling of an eye!" Now just how fast is "a twinkling of an eye?" Well—our usual-arranged authorities have been hearing of the problem. Constantly. The velocity of an eyelid is approximately ten feet per second or one-quarter of an inch in about two thousandths of a second. Which is not as fast as it sounds. Actually, it is seven miles an hour.

## What Is "Cat-Scratch Disease?"

As usual, the American Way of Life seems to claim the credit for the latest remedy to human health. News reports claim that "cat-scratch" disease has recently made its appearance in Washington (D.C.). The four-legged variety of cat is to blame, according to researcher Dr. Frank C. MacFarlane. In typical cases, the glands in the region of the scratch swell and develop pus. In other cases, however, there is no known contact with a cat and no sign of a scratch. The disease often resembles TB or subti-tuberc. (Advice to patients: No cure is known; you will suffer a fever for days or months; most of you, however, will live.)

## Why Does A Porpoise 'Think'?

When a porpoise 'thinks' or

speaks is he talking to another porpoise or is he just talking round? U.S. experimenters hope to find out through high-fidelity tape recordings of porpoise voice trails off the coast of Florida. Results so far indicate that the voice of a porpoise ranges much higher in frequency than do sounds the human ear can hear and special equipment must be obtained to play back high-frequency recordings. Once that is done, it is hoped to be able to solve a problem that has always puzzled scientists since it became known that porpoises "speak." To wit—do they have anything to say? It is believed that porpoises can outswim, outjump and out-travel any natural object. They can speed ahead of such liners as the Queen Elizabeth with ease. Sometimes, in playful mood, they will accompany a ship for hundreds of miles and amuse themselves by swimming circles around her.

## What Makes You Shiver?

Now, now, don't all speak at once. Cold alone does not make you shiver. This conclusion was reached after new tests at a London laboratory set motionless in a tub of cold water. They sat there for more than an hour without shivering once. But, as soon as they reached their toes on seats from underneath, they all began to shiver. The loosened scientists are now seeking desperately for an answer.



# PLASTA-BUB . . . to you!

So you don't know what a "Plasta-Bub" is? . . . take a look above you're into a look. . . . Here's the one and only "Plasta-Bub" . . . in other words it's a bubble. . . . Wiggly Marie released by a mass-foot bubble, drives down a dash of plastic solution, then the same one. A bubble for Any Puppa (and plastic wrapped at that). . . . Bubble-bubble! . . . We'll have fun for a bubble any day.

CANALCRAFT July 1952 29



And how it done... well, don't panic... stay patient and we'll explain (more or less). With a well-timed of an agile dip and a quick flick of the wrist, Maestro Bob Martin extends a fair invitation of Sydney's underbred in its present state of constructive (N.B.: His assistant, who is regrettably completely ignorant, is posing Robin Cox.) Thus... hey, presto! a wave of the wand, the bubble breaks away from its base and Robin's in the pup



And then seem to be more ways of blowing a bubble than merely shaping it into a super-schneer... Here, Maestro Martin, produces a double-ender and at last, Robin seems to be enjoying it... (But here he's not quite as a chair for any length of time, we'll bet) even if he is forever blowing bubbles





Statistics show that the gap between the ages at which men and women die is increasing; but there is a simple remedy.

**WITHIN** a New York psychiatrist recently suggested not long ago that women should give up their seats on subway trains and buses to men. There was a great outcry from the female labor force.

The psychiatrist was discounting things women could do to help their husbands live longer, than reminding the men to a dozen years of widowhood which is the normal lot of women to-day.

If women sincerely want to escape the loneliness of ten sunset years without a husband, then they should be willing to forget a lot of old-fashioned notions about divinity and industry.

Most recent official figures show that the female of our species lives approximately five years longer than the male. That is the statistical average. But these records of how long men and women live give no information about why men were still faster than women.

Men were run more quickly these days for a lot of reasons. One of them is that women, as a class, have more leisure time to look after their health than men do. And all medical authorities agree that women are by nature more plucky and phlegmatic than men.

That a wife can do a lot to help her husband live longer was ac-

claimed by Dr. Martin Fuldman, who last year retired after a long and distinguished career as executive secretary of the American Medical Association.

Here is Dr. Fuldman's revolutionary prescription:

1. The wife should refrain from making financial demands which are beyond the husband's powers.

2. Family quarrels should be kept at a minimum. Men are more sensitive to changed moods than women.

3. A proper diet for the mythical Lord of the Manor, whether he wants it or not. He will ask for meat and potatoes. If you regularly put vegetables and fruit under his nose, he'll learn to like them.

4. For money not hard to understand, most doctors advise a medical checkup every six months after fifty. Minor organic diseases are no warning until well-advanced.

5. Help your husband take proper exercise to keep down his weight. But bear in mind that proper exercise after fifty isn't what it was at twenty. Unless you want the rules of widowhood, don't drive your husband to 36 holes of golf on week-ends.

6. This one is about last, important. Lots of sleep will help prevent almost any incident of illness, male or female—short of the Biblical age of three-score-and-ten.

7. Men are too much enticed on business. Encourage your man to leave other interests—hobby, sports, etc. This is especially important when the retirement age arrives. Few women experience the psychic shock which comes to men's eyes who suddenly find they are too old for their jobs. The other man goes to pieces within a year or two after retirement because he has no interests to fill his life.

8. Encourage a visit to the physician when it seems likely heart or stomach for a persistent headache or other symptoms of chronic disease.

9. Dr. Fuldman suggests as a final note, women should be sympathetic about their husbands' business problems. Instead of backing, they should try to understand and not be too nosy about getting their own way in little matters.

Dr. Fuldman points out that it isn't just that women don't wear out as soon as men under modern conditions. The average wife is some four or five years younger than her husband. In the main there are two reasons for this, as Dr. Fuldman explains it.

First, the modern youth isn't in a position to support a wife when the gal is ready and ripe. Marriage is delayed until the young man can support a family. So the girl chooses an older man rather than her childhood sweetheart, because the older man offers security and sheltered luxury.

Second, nature intended that women should begin raising a family at an earlier age than men. This is indicated by the earlier age at which girls attain puberty.

Yes, the age difference between men and women at the time of marriage is increasing. At the same time, medical science is adding more years to the life span of women than to men. The result is that any old who takes the vow "for better or for worse" is almost sure of two years of lonely widowhood in California, or some other locale of her choice, with insurance companies taking care of the expenses. Better show the little lady this article right now, and then maybe she will be able to enjoy your company a few years longer.

# Crime Capsules



## COLLECTION FLARE . . .

And a warrant to sponsors of "What Anything-or-Other" money-raising device. In New York recently Mr. Harold Daly arrested nine times, thrice convicted of grand larceny and for two-and-a-half years an occupant of Sing Sing Prison's aptest all-around expeditious attended a Church Bazaar—apparently in search of a little light amusement. The entertainment apparently failing, Mr. Daly seized an opportunity when the crowd was engrossed in "The Crowning of a King and Queen." He pocketed the cash-box from a second-hand back stall. He was, however, observed by an eagle-eyed (d) unethereally-mandible discom who promptly bailed the pedagogue. In court, the cash-box proved to contain seven dollars of coin. Mailed by Mr. Daly on the adjoining stall was another box stocked with no less than 1,000 dollars.

## TURNED TABLES

Mr. Otto Schwartz, part-owner of a saloon in the Bronx (New York) was not so long ago distressed to note "a blonde man, wearing an army-type field jacket and red and white checked shirt," enter the bar, produce a seemingly lethal weapon (he wt. one automobile) and extract 100 dollars from the till. A week or so later, Mr. Schwartz's partner, Mr. Martin Nordhausen, was distraught

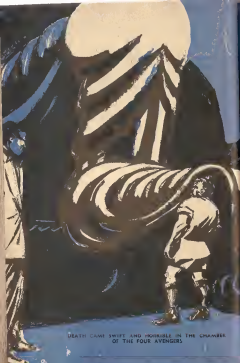
to note "a blonde man, wearing an army-type field jacket and a check shirt," loitering outside the saloon. Scarcely enough, Mr. Nordhausen promptly phoned Mr. Schwartz. "The same man," gasped Mr. Schwartz, hearing the description. "He" ordered Mr. Nordhausen and reached under the counter for his revolver. The metropolitan Billy-the-Kid posed nondescriptly with the bar "Back 'em up," bade Mr. Nordhausen, eagerly waving his gun and without his companion's words right out of his mouth Billy-the-Kid Junior alias 24-year-old George Kotell, did not argue. Winding him eagerly, Mr. Nordhausen departed the possession of his gun—a water pistol. As at waiting George is in a cell, pondering that it doesn't always pay to be the Boy Who Wouldn't Grow Up.

## CANDID-ICIDE

Box, a black doctor, appeared, and vaulted beside his master, Dr. Paul Hibby, who also happened to be County Treasurer, as they drove off on a hunting expedition in Ohio (U.S.). Between the pouch and the doctor rested a 12-gauge shotgun. The car swayed round a humpin' bend, unbalanced, Box clutched wildly for support, he clutched the gun, the gun exploded, Dr. Hibby fell dead—deprived of the pleasure of hearing his own case.

A Copy Study by Alfred Garabold





DEATH CAME SWIFT AND HORRIBLE IN THE CHAMBER  
OF THE FOUR AVENGERS

# GUARDIANS OF THE WAY

PAUL WARREN GRAHAM

THIS is a small State and unimportant. But it seems to me that its people smile more than in other countries. I am told the Adviser but, really, I am seldom that. For though I have made some few changes, they have been slight and the place is much as it was when I arrived, nearly 40 years ago. While the rest of Asia writhes in new clothes, we have been remembered "the Way."

It is my chief function to deal with those who come, occasionally, from the outside. I entertain them and I talk to them and then they go home. For this is a small state and unimportant. I am its voice.

Yes, here the skies are bright and the pace of life is slow.

Yet, I have known horror here.

The memory of the shocking scene I refer to is still fresh after so long. From my balcony, I can see the room where the visitor in the Abbot, the man who, unless I am to believe monstrous completely fantastic, must have been responsible for the breakdown.

He was the Abbot then, though only 30 years old. I was 32 and had come to represent my father's firm. The man who was Adviser at the time was a stocky, sandy-haired fellow named Leo Tulevski. He had written to father suggesting that there was a good deal of money to be made and



Tulevski seemed fascinated by the specter concerning the fate of the wicked child.

CAVALCADE, July 1952 37

*Rm*

**A SIDE-LIGHT OF ONE OF  
THE MITHON MIRACLES  
OF MEDICAL SCIENCE**

He seemed like a fugitive from a prison, he was steadily shuddering from head to foot, his doctor's predictions were highly adverse and, one night, he shot into raptures and took a turn from the better to worse.

—JAY-PAY

that he was in a position to grant the necessary concessions.

Todman was too dazed to talk more than vaguely in the beginning. From the start, I deluded him. I argued that he was a remarkably cool man.

One afternoon, he caught me striding nervously towards the monastery "Take to look over it!" he asked suddenly.

"Wouldn't they mind?" I wanted to know eagerly.

"Mind?" he snarled, "Who are they to mind?"

So we rode over.

There are really a series of tangles straggling untidily to a papaya on the top of a hill. As we descended at the lower gate, a tall man in a dark green robe towards us. He was the Abbot.

"You honour me," he murmured, bowing.

"You're damn right we do," laughed Todman coarsely, then pushed the newswoman aside. "Come on, young fellow."

The Abbot trailed after Todman and me as we climbed from pasture to pasture. I wanted to question him, but refrained at that stage for fear of provoking Todman.

The place was more like a museum than anything else, crammed as it was with pagan images and altars.

At length, I burst out, "Why, this is just a collection of a temple!"

"We believe in a supreme, but impartial, God," explained the Abbot. "One should not pray to him except by remembering 'the Way.' The latter defines one closer to us, and may be depicted in stone or wood. At one stage, the people were leading to depend more on the ritual of worshipping stone, than on following 'the Way.'"

I began to see it, I thought, and interrupted, "So you named the images here—carves the places and the houses?"

"Exactly; we let the sun in to show how lovely their figures are. Now the duties are again what they were meant to be—guardians of 'the Way.'"

"What is 'the Way'?"

But before he could say anything else, a shout demanded our attention. It was Leo Todman, riding from somewhere above us, "Here's something to write home about!"

There was no sunlight in the room I entered, only the flickering yellow of guttering lamps. There was an enormous, seated figure leaning back against each of the four walls.

"They look—alive," I breathed.

"What are they made of?"

"In happy work, I think," answered Todman, obviously as impressed as I was. On the great, dark faces above us were expressions of terrible anger. With light and shadow playing, the whites of the eyes seemed to roll and the jaws to clench.

We stepped forward to inspect the

first marvellous carving. And then we noticed something that chilled us. Each of the giant's feet was resting on another, man-sized figure. The feet and the terror on those twisted faces was indescribable.

"God, but the men who made these are an artist," marvelled Todman. It was the first and only time that I ever heard him praise anyone.

We moved around the walls. The other groups were also crushing life-sized figures with their huge feet. The last of the four monstrosities, however, had but one victim. His face had been lifted as though ready to stamp.

"I've seen enough," I murmured, knocking for the door.

The Abbot met me.

"There's no sunlight in there," I observed assentingly.

"They, too, are guardians of 'the Way.' The seven suffered were destined to destroy." He led me out into a back-lit courtyard and in the predawn of the afternoon, I noticed they were only victims after all.

"I notice that you've come for our great enemy of 'the Way.'"

"We are always ready for guests."

Then I heard a single, harsh screech which faded into a hollow purring.

The first shock of it paralysed me, but only for a second. Then I was proceeding over the bridge, up steps and back to that gloomy doorway.

"The Way is safe again," murmured the Abbot as we entered. He pointed and I saw that fourth giant had two victims now, as had his brothers.

I rose myself hesitantly towards Todman's body, but it was firmly wedged under the old's foot.

When I straightened, wooden feet began flung into the room.

"So they're the monsters," I croaked hysterically.

The Abbot smiled.

"You're not even trying to keep your faith," I murmured.

"You're not likely to believe that the God lived on him."

"You certainly not."

Then suddenly he grasped my arm and pulled me to the door. He looked into my eyes and unaccountably my brain faded.

"You will live in the temple and you will learn about 'the Way,'" he checked in a different voice.

I turned, and ran. Down through the gaily jewelled I ran, untrusting, past the houses and off along the rutted road to the beach.

The chamber of the Four Avengers is sealed again, now. But my friend, the Abbot, tells me that there are only seven victims again, a place has been cleared. But among the seven, Todman's witness—preserved forever in a place of brilliant light. Not one of those man-sized figures was ever carved.

There is no law here, only 'the Way.' After I had learned the full measure of Todman's violence, I had to admit the justice of his law.

I don't think there are any secrets between the Abbot and myself. But one thing makes me just a little uneasy. I have asked him at various times, to tell me how the association was pointed out. He tells me uncomfortably that Todman was amazed, speechless on the floor and then overwhelmed with a great hammer. He threatened over the gruesome details and he never tells the story in quite the same way. He seems confused about it.

I remarked then, jokingly once and he turned on me almost angrily. "All right, all right. Would you be happier if I said that the God did tread on him?"

A faint wind came, chuckling through the trees. That night, I lay awake, feeling cold.



KATHINE LAUGHED AT THE THREE MEN WHO COURTED HER, BUT FOR ONE HER EYES WERE BRIGHT WITH EXCITEMENT



# LAUGHING GIRL

CHARLES E. SAYERS

JURGENS' excited pointing was the sensation of the Academy Spring Show. It was the first he had ever exhibited the crime and it was the first time he had pointed to please anyone but himself.

It was a full-length study of a husky, dark-colored girl in gray stockings, and a red and blue shawl that covered all but a fringe of black hair. She was sitting on an upturned basket looking out to sea, as though expecting someone. The look in her doe-black eyes, was sad, and, it was an angry sea that rolled back to a

solid sea, with gray standing clouds.

The girl's hands rested usually on the basket . . . big, work-worn hands with blunt fingers. The background was an impression of a small fishing village straggling from a shingle beach up a cliff, somewhere between cypress and narrow winding cobble street.

I went along to Burlington House on the opening day—more to see Jurgen than the picture.

Jurgen wasn't there, no one seemed to know where he was. The picture,

I was told, had come to nothing, was without an address.

We had been students together. He'd stuck it because he believed in himself, and because he was more concerned with searching for artistic solutions and excitement than the material rewards. I wasn't—and drifted into the studio, more heavily pulled of commercial art.

That would keep us touch, not at his studio and at parties, did a show to gather now and then.

But an exact month he ceased a

If we were an African witch-doctor and UNESCO arrived to give our tribe some Fundamental Education, we'd protest. And our arguments would be: "What man, you go away! When you have taught yourselves to live properly, then come. But first ask yourselves these questions: Do you live in a prosperous world? Do you live in a peaceful world? Do you live in a civilized world? Do you sleep without having evil dreams? Do you live tomorrow, next year, the next ten years, without fear?" Any UNESCO man talking himself out of that was should be capable of capturing the words in words of one syllable.

traps of bitterness at him. One night he'd said to me: "I'll paint a thing one of these days that will make them notice me!"

That was remarked after a one-time show put on at an obscure Seba gallery had brought down the acid wrath of most of the connoisseurs.

Jorgens disappeared about a week after that—and I'd been trying to find him ever since. His Academy picture gave me a clue, it also suggested to me that he had not himself deliberately set out to gain the notice of the critics, for it was the most unobtrusive effort I'd yet seen.

It was, indeed, the first real trial of the Jorgens of our student days, before he'd decided that what he painted was his concern . . . and he donated it all of them.

The size of the picture to his present whereabouts was confirmed in a way that gave me a jolt, and even before I'd moved away from the picture. The confirmation set me hurrying for the last train for Truro, whence I now knew where to look for Jorgens.

On the fringe of the crowd that passed along the line stood a heavily built, dark girl. She was dressed in gray cottoned inconspicuously, a gray silk scarf covered her head. She

played nervously with a catalogue. The hands alone—brown, square, coarse-toed—told me that she was the original of the picture.

I moved over to her, and "You were the artist's model?"

The slipped loops of Carvels were in her wrist, Spanish throw-back in her seven hair, and black eyes.

"Yes," she answered. "But that isn't the picture he painted, it was another. I thought I'd see him here."

"Perhaps," I said, "he is still where he painted the picture?"

The girl said "He might be. I don't know. You see, he left after the picture was finished. I wanted to tell him how sorry I was for what happened, and that I didn't want him to go. That's why I came here. You see, I left the village, too."

"You know him very well?"

A pointed light clouded her eyes. "I suppose so. He painted me. But that isn't the picture. I was laughing at that and there was no there. That was afterwards, and after the picture was finished. . . . and when my head died. He was kind to me, that was why I was laughing in the picture. He said I'd taught him about life, and how to paint it."

A laugh, deep rum came up to her throat, brushed her eyes, said

"We'd better go, Kestine. They say it didn't come with the picture."

She said "Oh, all right, Bert." Then, to me, "Yes, he may be at the village. I don't know. It's Polpoth. You get a bus from Truro; the first is convenient. If I know he was there I'd go back, but . . . well . . ."

The man touched her arm again, hurried her away. They were swallowed in the crowd. The last I saw of her was her great black eyes turned back to me. I thought as I had another look at the picture that if the one she said had been finished showed a laughing girl, the eyes must have told much of the laughing. But there was only tragedy in them now. I found Jorgens at Polpoth.

I don't know whether he was glad or not to see me. I didn't reach out, for I was glad to see him, and shocked by the tragic look of the man.

"Have a drink," he greeted me. "Take beer. This whisky's only a nothing, and it's losing grip on me."

I ordered beer, waited until the waitress was placed on the table before answering. "Your Academy picture, isn't it? A woman?" And I saw across your model."

He nodded grimly. "Yes, I've read the picture. But none of the critics have guessed what's behind the thing. You mean you met Kestine? Here?"

"At the Academy. Wanted to tell you something. I think. She was looking for you. Had a man with her . . . name of Bert."

Jorgens nodded, his mouth tightened into a merciless grin. "Bert Coonan. His picture. And her black eyes were laughing, I suppose. They'd have to be. Do you know, I told her once that she'd taught me about life. But I've only learnt about it since."

I said "He told me that. No, Jorgens, they weren't laughing. They

were as tragic as the girl in the painting."

Jorgens palped the last of his whisky, stumbled to his feet. "Look," he said. "You've told me a lot. Let's get out of here, go up on to the cliffs. I'll tell you about what happened when I painted her. . . . the laughing Kestine. Did she tell you about that?"

"Yes. She said it was finished, that the picture on the line wasn't the one she modelled for."

Jorgens faced ahead of me up the cliff path, threw himself down on the edge facing the sea.

He lit a cigarette, tossed the packet to me, started to talk.

"Do you remember what I said to the studio that night I'd paint something that would make them take notice?" I know what I wanted to paint, sharply. I also knew when to find it. I was looking for a laughing girl that would capture a screen of sunlight and blue sky. There would be a village behind her of white cottages and a street straggling up a hillside. It would be a happy picture . . . so happy that it wouldn't need a title but everyone would say that it was "A Laughing Girl." It would be a picture that would make all the highest critics say that Jorgens can paint to please . . . as some of us thought, he could. I didn't want to paint to please anyone; I just wanted to prove that I could.

"Well, the picture was ready-made for me. Kestine sitting on an upturned basket at the quayside looking out to sea, on the horizon there was a fishing boat harbor-bound."

"I made a first sketch there and then. As I was finishing it, the fishing boat dropped anchor and two men came up to us from it. One was her husband, Mardy Trevenen; the other Bert Coonan, her partner in the boat."

I tell you the evidence on Katrina's spot as the pair came up perfected the picture. She and Hardy were only three months married, she told me as I sketched her. The two men were a strangely different pair. Hardy was husky as that girl-wife of his Bert was dark-skinned and dour. He was obviously at ease with the girl. And it struck me that, although the laughing eyes of Katrina looked towards Hardy, these two were something in them for Bert.

"I worked as a slave on that painting, it strangled me. May of that was caused by Katrina. Did you notice the Spanish look about her? Well, she had all the fire of the Spanish, and an unaffected lust for life that had me half in love with her in a week. That's what I meant when I said she had taught me about life."

"But there was no more to it than

that. I suspected Hardy Townsend and could see that he was in love with more than her body. That's why I kept myself in check. The opportunities were there for me. I was in and out of their cottage almost every day, and most of the time he wasn't there.

"I only wish I'd stuck to the picture and not made an use of myself in the end. That happened just when the picture was finished.

"I took it to the cottage to show to them. Only Katrina and Cousin were there when I went in. They told me that Hardy was down at the boat.

"They seemed awkward, restrained. Katrina's eyes had a look in them I'd not seen before, between fear and shame. I sensed they were watching me as I fiddled with the canvas, alluring the oil lamp so that its full light fell on the picture.

"I just got it right when the door

was kicked open and Hardy stood in. He walked right up to me, squared me around with a heavy hand; said 'Hello, Kate, you've been fooling about with my wife, and I want to know what's gone on.'

"I glanced at Katrina. There was anger in her eyes now; but they were looking at Cousin . . . not me.

"I said to Hardy: 'Nonsense. What's given you that idea?'

"He told me that I'd been seen leaving the house the night before when he was down at the boat landing the nets.

"When I asked who'd told him that he answered, 'Bert told me that.'

"That?" I said, "he's just Katrina. You say I wasn't here."

"We looked at the girl. She hung her head, made no answer. But Cousin said slowly, 'I saw you leave by the side door. It was no mistake.'

"The girl was still silent, and her

silence could only be passed on sensation. It was then I knew I had been made a dupe by the pair—Katrina and Cousin. It was then, too, that I knew I was in love with the girl. Perhaps it was this more than the sensation that made me close with anger. I turned to Hardy, said: 'All I've done is paint her. She knows that.'

"Hardy snarled at me. 'You've snatched her!'

"I stepped back at him. 'That's a Black Country who's doing the snatching!'

"By then Hardy was out of control.

"As I lay on the floor half stunned, he snatched at the canvas, ripped it to pieces under his boot.

"I tried to get at the thug, but he snatched me down again. He was insane, pained at the canvas till it was ragged.

"Katrina brought him to his senses



ARCHIBALD THE MONUMENT

**A WHOLESOME HINT ON  
HOUSEHOLD PSYCHOLOGY**

If your women lose all penny-  
pakes,

their smiles are really taken,  
but when they smile at the  
husband,

they're playing for higher  
Sticks

—That invisible poet, ANON,  
on a subject of some scien-  
tific subtlety.

She screamed, Hardy, it's so. Oh,  
the picture. You've smashed it!  
Hardy, it was Bert . . . Bert, I tell  
you!

"Hardy gathered up some of the  
fragments of canvas, crumbled them  
in his great shaking hands, then  
drove them into the fire. He was  
quiet now, and 'That . . . is it what  
she says?'

"Cosmo nodded. 'I named Jacques  
to you,' he said, 'and I'm not sorry I  
did. What are you going to do about  
it?'

"Hardy was very quiet. He walked  
over to Katrina, struck her across  
the mouth, said, 'Then he can have  
you.'

"Then he came back to me, I was  
resting on one knee. I felt sick,  
wiped blood from my mouth where  
he'd spit it. He said 'You not sorry  
Miss Jorgens. She wasn't worthy  
the picture . . . not a laughing pic-  
ture. She'll never laugh again.'

"Then he left the cottage. I fol-  
lowed, my eyes glowing at the pain,  
for I felt ashamed of what they'd  
done for me.

"They told me at the bus stop next  
morning, as I sheltered from the heat,  
that Hardy had gone out as he had  
always, into the berth of a girl. He  
hadn't returned. I wanted to go to  
the cottage, say that I'd been mis-  
taken as what I thought about being  
duped by them. But I was a coward,  
as I had been the night before.

"Yes, yes, it was me at the cottage,  
Cosmo did see me leave. I'd gone  
there to plead with Katrina to come  
away with me now that the picture  
was finished. My thought when they  
accused me was that it was to drive  
Cosmo, I could see now his love  
for Katrina was more than mine, even  
to taking the blame for me. . .

"I went through a week of agony  
at Truro. Then returned here. A  
neighbor told me that Hardy's body  
had been washed up on the rocks  
near the harbor, with the wreckage  
of his boat. She had gone down the  
village after the Cosmo's party re-  
sumed a version of drowned at sea.

The neighbor smiled when she  
said Cosmo had gone with the girl.

"I stayed on, hoping against hope  
she would come back for I felt she'd  
grown to love me while I painted her.  
Hardy's words haunted the Academy  
picture. 'She'll laugh no more,' he  
said. I painted that picture to please  
myself. And because I was better  
that she had gone away with Cosmo.  
But that wasn't last. She's seen the  
picture and knows that it's for her!  
I painted it. The Laughing Girl will  
ensure when she's ready to come.  
It's for that I've stayed here. . . ."

Then then I could see a girl in  
gray coming up the cliffside path. I  
left Jorgens and hurried down.

She passed me. It may have been  
my mistake . . . but her eyes seemed  
to be filled with laughter.



"Well, they must be able to see with their ears, because they're  
listening with their eyes."



# "Making an IMPRESSION"

edited by GIBSON



When on the dance floor don't believe in the usual circumstantial money—assert your individuality be different

Horseback riding can be fun as well as economical in fact it can be real money if a little departing from the orthodox is indulged in



A lounge in a first-class hotel is a sure fire dropping ground for those who want to release an inhibition or two

It takes no practice at all on the flying to make your presence felt all you need is a late entrance a fast and lots of overcoat



To make a really impressive impression jump from an airplane minus a parachute

The bloke who calls on a plain girl can be an absolute nut by borrowing a five—burn a hole in the carpet—knock a cup of coffee into her lap—then be the dominating male—give her the back of the hand (Humphrey B does this) and tell her to marry you—lots of guys remember single this way



# STRANGER and Stranger



## UP-GRADE

Don't despair, you athletes. We are becoming a taller race with each generation. It has been estimated that the average man of 2000 A.D. will be between five feet eleven and six feet two inches—an increase of five inches on to-day's average height. Women will also be taller. Five foot nine will be average, and a six-foot woman will be no more uncommon than a six-foot man to-day. But shall we be stronger and more muscular? It depends. If we rely more and more on machines to work for us, and transport to save our legs, we shall certainly suffer physically. Sport will be no compensation if we become a nation of wretches instead of players.

## MISOGYNIST

Love they say laughs at looks; still, it also grins at aptitude tests. According to the American Psychological Association's Dr. George K. Bennett, a recent study of young men and women who took the Copeland's series of Differential Aptitude Tests shows that, while these tests can help students select careers in which they have the greatest chances of success, "aptitude tests just do not pick out the girl who is going to get married early." The test scores of girls who later got married show no pattern whatever. They vary widely and

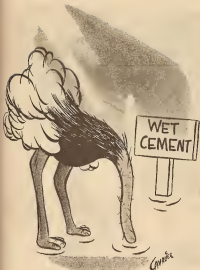
average near the average of high-school girls. Conclusion: A dumb blonde (and that goes for brunettes and red-heads as well) has neither a better nor a poorer chance of finding a husband quickly than does her sister of greater skills and intellectual attainments.

## SUPER-WALTONS

A new deep-sea fishing record has been set by scientists in California (U.S.). Their prize came from the ocean floor three miles down. The catch—probably the largest rock near dragged up from a three-mile depth—weighs 120 lbs. and is covered with manganese dioxide. Manganese is a metal used in hardening steel; it is known to exist on the bottom of all oceans and in the dioxide form water carries oxygen. By finding out what lies underneath the chemical coating, scientists may get new information on the Age of the Pacific.

## WALK-IN TUB

New York (U.S.) has recently produced a "walk-in" bath-tub for the convenience of old folk and others who find it difficult in stepping over the side of the tub. There is a door to the side of the tub which, when closed, is lock-proof. No water can be put in the tub until the door is shut, and the door can not be opened until the used water is drained out.





# Ours is a Sherry

You can have your Clara and have it too—without a lick of Spanish! Look and wear your Best of Spain! But we'll settle for a Sherry if you don't mind... especially if it's anything like Belle Sherry, one of the hottest beauties of the Latin Quarter (New Orleans) these days. Belle got her start as a show business dancer in Paris in a family of



And—listen you see—Belle and the whole situation here you have seen all her brightest fellow-dancers. Bobbie Dand no less than. Please you lucky viewers And on the right there's a Best Dancer Bobbie Dand leading the Peep Dand! Stop aside Bob! They all want up to standard.



But—to earn a place—variety is the spice of life. Here and Bobby may lay claim to the title with their sheer scorching power . . . so does this lass. By some wild mistake on the part of the Censors-General, her name has been omitted; but her crowning glory is her crop of freckles. Well, freckles are no freckles, but to be wished . . . she can be a country girl, if she wants to.



#### THE FIRST-BORN . . .

According to statistics in the University of Georgia (U.S.), a first-born child is more likely to be a boy than later. This is probably the reason for any increase found in the rate of the number of boys born to the number of girls born in World War II rather than a result of a greater proportion of births of young females. "The widespread belief that the sex ratio rises in war-time (or immediately thereafter) because 'nature' compensates for war casualties from battle, from starvation and from other causes is quite incorrect," claim the University scientists.

#### CHEW . . . CHEW . . .

Chewing gum for ten minutes immediately after each meal will reduce tooth decay of the chewing-gum contains a chemical called "retro-tartaric." This special gum is credited with preventing new decay in 80 per cent of those using it in preliminary experiments, reports "The Journal of the American Dental Association." The experimental chewing-gums were flavored with peppermint but contained no sugar. They are not yet on the market. America has always been the greatest chewing-gum country. More 500 million dollars worth are sold there each year. More than a century ago, a German traveling called it "The Land of the

Ever-Moving Jaw." Before the present shock-based gum was put on the market by its creator, Thomas Adams, in 1875, Yankee jaws crunched flavored pointing guns, spruce gums and plug tobacco.

#### JOINT DISEASES . . .

Use of Compound F, one of the new adrenal hormones, substances being used with cortisone and ACTH in the treatment of inflammatory joint diseases, is reported to have been successfully demonstrated in researches conducted at the University of Pennsylvania (U.S.). Compound F (it is said) can alleviate the pain and swelling of a few of the worst joints that had not been helped by any other hormonal treatments. Compound F is one of the adrenal hormones secreted by the cortex (or "back") of the glands located on top of the kidneys.

#### BUCK-CUP-O . . .

Older women can be rejuvenated mentally by treatment with female sex hormones, claims the Washington University School of Medicine (U.S.). They can think better, they are more willing to accept intellectual concepts they remember better, and they are not set in their habits and ways of thinking. Psychological tests showing this improvement were made on a group of women whose mean age was 74.

# Sleepy Isle of Horror

History is full of tough and durable men, but few can match Moses Wells' taste of the American whaler *Tricker*.



LESTER WAY

THE crew of the "Tricker" watched their ship draw in close to Spidenham's Island, in the Kerguelin Group. They watched with awfully pleasant expectations for, in 1841, these were islands in the South Seas, where at sight of an approaching ship, gaudy-skinned naked natives plunged into the surf, swam to meet the craft and clambered aboard.

There were islands where a visiting crew was entertained like gods, feasted and fêted with song and dance and made drunk on strong native liquor. There were smiling men,

loquacious, hospitable women, strange fruits and flowers, and beautiful men.

The "Tricker" was a whaler . . . Captain Spencer didn't know Spidenham's Island, but his purpose there was quite unobscured. Another whaler had been wrecked, its men were said to be intact on the island, and the "Tricker" wanted to buy them.

Unfortunately the "Tricker" knew the American flag and Spidenham's Island was written spring disease of Drummhead's Island. That killed cheap, and it seems that a Cornishman, Wilkes, was to blame.

Cornishman Wilkes of the American Navy had taken an expedition to the South Seas about five years earlier "to expand American trade and influence."

He was away three years, but discovered only one unfortunate accident!

It occurred at Drummhead's Island. One of Wilkes' men had a relationship with the natives, an unwelcome mistake in American eyes, but the natives didn't have American eyes, and they made a meal of the poor fellow.

So Wilkes sent a contingent ashore and slaughtered most of the population.

Unfortunately, those who learned the lesson died and the Spidenham's Islanders took a prejudiced view of it. (They probably got their account from a Spaniard who had gone native among them.)

The Spaniard had been on Spidenham's Island long enough to become its natural ruler. The men on the "Tricker" first saw him approaching their ship in a canoe paddled by five natives.

He agreed to help in getting the space of the deck cleared in return for a few modest presents. Then he invited Captain Spencer to come ashore to work out the best means of doing it. The captain took a ship's boat and five members of the crew.

After a while, when it was almost dark, the Spaniard returned to the "Tricker" without the captain.

"Your skipper, he does not feel well," he told the mate, Moses Wells. "He wants me to give him advice."

The mate knew something of native language and native hospitality.

And the instructions brought by the Spaniard were reasonable. The captain wanted a number of simple tools cooped and brought ashore to

make a raft that would carry the cable of the wrecked whaler.

It was too long to do the job that night, and too late for the survey to go back to the island.

Everything was serene until midnight. They were looking up and down off shore, with a man at the wheel, a forward lookout, and the second mate in command of the watch. Most of the men were in the hold; the Islanders were stretched on deck, apparently asleep with their white bodies motionless in the moon.

But a whaling lance came tearing out of the darkness behind the helmsman. It struck him between the shoulder-blades. He didn't make any sound. A native paused, twisted the lance as he glanced it out, but the helmsman was already dead.

On the forward deck, the look-out man was struck at almost the same instant. The lance took him in the back. It also tore a large hole in his side. He made enough noise in his death-throes to alarm the second mate.

The second mate dived to the cabin to awaken the first. He told him that the Islanders had taken all the lances and were running ashore with them, and the mate was looking for his pistols and trying to find them. The third officer was still asleep, so the second mate went in full control of the deck.

Mate Wells couldn't find his pistols. Only his Spanish guest had a chance to take them, so he ran howl through sleep. He grabbed a cutlass and rushed on deck.

He was after the Spaniard . . . and the Spaniard was after him. They bumped into each other in the darkness, they recoiled, then recognized each other. The mate paused and gaped the reverend by the throat. He was about to use his cut-

lan, but the other guy had the pistol.

"You will let go, Spaner, or I'll blow out your brains!"

The mate kept hold of the mate's throat. He dropped his arms to grab the hand with the gun, the pistol exploded almost in his face. The bullet tore through his neck, but failed so much as to scratch his skin. He proceeded to strangle the Spaniard.

Behind him, a native reached for the sword he had dropped. The Spaniard was writing in his hands when the mate came down on the back of the mate's head. It sliced off half his scalp, but he wheeled, dodged a second blow, and caught the blade in his bare hand. The blade wrenched it away, taking off some of the mate's fingers in the action.

That native was enjoying himself. He again brought the scull down on the mate's head, clipping the skull, severing an artery on the temple. The mate bled at him, and was out between the eyes. He dropped.

The savage continued to hack him. He slashed the mate's shoulder blades twice, pressed the blade into his body, twisted, drew it out, and thrust it in again.

After that, the mate went looking for more Americans killed.

But, believe it or not, the mate actually got to his feet and started for the cabin. The third officer was coming up; they collided, both went down. The chief stayed down, but he saw the third seize a lance which the mate had missed. The ship's cooper came running toward them with the Spaniard at his back. The Spaniard had the mate. He cut the cooper's body almost in two with one sweeping blow.

But he didn't see the third officer or the lance. The lance hit the

Spaniard in the right place; he went to hell fast.

Starting for the cabin, the third mate met an islander on the way, put him with the lance and killed him, but two more jumped from the doorway in the same instant. One made a long slash down his back; the other opened his abdomen, and the second officer escaped overboard.

The second mate had gone overboard already. He had five of the crew in a boat, while the chief tried to fight the savages off.

He didn't go to his cabin. Instead, with his head stopped by three natives, his shoulder sliced open and his body parred twice, he actually dropped his way to the deck where the rest of the crew were awaiting. Then he went out to it.

But he never moved, and got up as full of fight as ever. All the crew were wounded—some badly—but none was such a wounded mate as the chief. Yet the chief tried to lead them in a counter-attack.

They wouldn't have it; they wanted to stay alive—if they could. One had his nose cut off, hanging by a strand of skin, and since they wouldn't fight, the mate put the nose back in place and tied it on with a strip of cloth.

The leaderless natives didn't attack the first.

And the mate—who by all the rules should have died on deck—look command, picked up the refugees in the boat and brought the "Titian" safely to Pago Pago.

That affair riled the U.S. State Department more than some. There were others like it, too, as the effort of Wilkes' little known spread, and, by 1912, folks in America were demanding that the government annex the islands. Mark Twain supported the demand in a letter to the "New York Daily Tribune."

"Now, let us annex the islands," Twain wrote. "We could easily manage—put them on a reservation. Nothing pleases a savage like a reservation, where he has his stored hoes and hickies and blankets to trade for powder and whisky. We must annex those people. We can afflict them with our wise and benevolent government. We can introduce the novelty of flannels, all the way up from grass-horn parkies to municipal robes, and show them how amazing it is to arrest them, and try them, and then turn

them loose for 'political influence. We can give them railway corporations who will buy their Legislatures like old clothes, and run over their best citizens and companies of the cheapest swarming their employment papers on the track. We can give them lectures! I will go myself. We can make that little bunch of sleepy islands the hottest center of the earth, and serve it in the most splendid of our hark and holy civilization."

But the State Department didn't send Mark Twain.

# "ENCLOSED HERewith"

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



# Firebugs are Sex Misfits

ARTHUR EVERETT SCOTT

Every fire must have a smoking accident, negligence or the wild instincts of a crazy firebug to set it off and destroy, but the common rule himself when he wishes to, the city of sex desire.



MANY and varied are the types of sex perversity known to medical science. As a matter of fact it was thought until recently that they were all classified. Now a new, strange type of sex deviancy has been added to the list and it appears that he is the most dangerous of all known sex perversities. He is a fellow whose spots of sexual satisfaction often take formless form before his strange last is satisfied.

This latest, classified sex deviancy is the well-known firebug or pyromaniac. Until recently it was thought that firebugs were people with a grudge or someone out to collect some quick money. Now psychiatrists know differently. Often the firebug is a person who must set

fire to a building and watch it burn in order to temporarily quench an abnormal sex desire.

Firebug of a large Eastern city recently battled all night before bringing a heavily blazing warehouse under control. The warehouse was severely damaged and the loss amounted to half a million dollars. A night watchman lost his life and two firemen were injured when the roof collapsed. The next night another large blaze broke out in another part of town. A fireman was killed by falling timber.

A brown-eyed fire marshal noticed a man in the crowd of spectators who seemed extremely interested in the blaze. We are all fascinated by a large fire but the spectator was

in an excited, frenzied manner.

The suspect was subjected to a series of questions and soon broke down under the ordeal. He admitted setting the fire, and half a dozen others during the past two weeks. Three persons lost their lives because of his acts and damage amounted to almost a million dollars.

When the firebug was asked why he started fires the marshal expected the usual answer. Either the firebug claimed he couldn't remember starting a fire or he had a grudge against someone that caused the building to burn as it. This firebug was different.

He said he started fires because of a man urge over which he had no control.

With the next firebug, the flames he started are often his answer to a woman who has spurned him.

Early in 1933, an aging New York spinster, Rose Celstone, went on a holiday cruise to South. There she met a rich and handsome young landowner, Arthur Remon, who started to pay her violent court.

Flattered, Rose accepted his advances and let him make love to her. Then she discovered he was married, and refused to have anything more to do with him.

Remon, in whom the plain and chunky woman conceived a desperate passion he could not resist, followed her back to New York.

He told excited admissions against Rose Celstone so much she had him arrested. The magistrate warned him and gave him 30 days to leave the city.

But the sex-mad Remon had another plan. His love had turned to hate. Now he had a momentary urge to avenge himself on the woman who had spurned him.

At two o'clock one morning in February, he appeared outside the open window of Rose's bedroom. It

was the work of a second to have through the opening the contents of a jar of petrol—and follow it with a lit match.

Rose Celstone's room, an eight-year-old child, who was sharing the room with her, was burned to death in the resulting blaze. Rose herself lived for a few hours before she died in hospital.

Before that, however, she told detectives how she had seen Remon walking up and down in front of her house when she returned home that evening.

That was enough for the police. An alarm was sent out for the Harlem's arrest.

But with his money Remon was able to keep out of sight for three years. Not until 1931 was he picked up in Newark, New Jersey. He was convicted of the murders and electrocuted without further delay.

According to Bruce Balch, Director of the Fire Prevention and Investigation Department of the National Board of Fire Underwriters, about fifty per cent. of all firebugs are of the sexual type. Strangely enough very few firebugs are afflicted with this form of sex perversion. There are sexual and firebugs, but such cases are rare. It is almost wholly a white male affliction.

One of the best known firebugs of history was the Grand Roman emperor, Nero, who killed as he watched Rome burn. This monster even had slaves put to the torch after they had been soaked in oil. Not as a grim means of execution but to satisfy his horrible, perverted sex passions.

During a New York fire a man was picked up for questioning because of his suspicious behaviour at the fire. He admitted being a firebug and always set fire to buildings that

Some clutch for a shawl: In 1895 a Mr. Lawson gave some thought to the quickest way of meeting drowning perils. Common objects, easy to hand, which would float, were obviously the thing. According to "The Annual Register" (1895), Mr. Lawson recommended the buoyancy of a hot trunk, one common for the purpose. This, "floating on the water," with a handkerchief "laid over its aperture and tied firmly on the crown," would give adequate support "in the drowning man or his rescue."

"When two can be bad," the dramatic continues, "Mr. Lawson recommended that a stick be run through the top point of the handkerchief, and if twice bad could be met it would be still better."

were mainly inhabited by women. A psychiatrist finally drove them from the houses he always set free to girls' boarding houses or clubs.

This firebug had a frustrated sex complex. Eventually his hysterics endangered all women and the sight of a burning building with its jagged female occupants intensified his sex-perverted sex nature.

Those who are studying the problem say it isn't just a case of increasing the penalty. As it is, the penalty for arson is pretty stiff. In New York State the penalty for the crime of arson may run as high as forty

years in prison. To hit this jackpot the fire must be set in a dwelling between the hours of sunset and sunrise. If the fire is not during daylight hours the penalty may be up to twenty-five years. Third degree arson may run as high as fifteen years in prison.

As a rule the ordinary firebug sets fires for either for revenge or to collect insurance on the property. The one thing to note diagnosis is that he may set many fires before he is caught. Every time his devoted sex nature sets up he is a potential killer.

Many weather forecasters do not recognize the fact that there is such a person as a sex firebug. He serves his term, when apprehended in such places, when sentenced for good behavior while in prison, and is released to again satisfy his strange sex urge.

Fire prevention authorities say that more study is required on the problem, that those in contact with firebugs should be educated as to the different types. They say that when a person is convicted of arson, the police should make sure the motive was revenge or personal gain. If the fire was started because of a sex impulse, the firebug should be locked up and given treatment until cured. The firebug may not be responsible for his actions—but that is certainly no reason people should be burned to death.

Fire chiefs stress that the man in the street can be of assistance in apprehending both ordinary firebugs and the sexual type. The next time you witness a fire take a good look at the spectators. If anyone seems extremely interested, a look at scrutiny on his face, notice the police or fire chief. You may be the means of saving lives that would eventually be lost.



"Francis, what's a seven-letter word for 'breast of burden'?"



# CAPITALISE ON YOUR OUTLOOK.

CAVALCADE'S home values the outlook as for a narrow piece of land which falls away rapidly at the rear. On account of this fact, there is a pleasing outlook, so that it becomes necessary to place the main rooms at the rear of the house. The nature of the ground forces the building close to the street and makes it imperative that the carport or garage be on the street frontage.

Accommodation provides for two bedrooms, each with a rosey built-in wardrobe. A modern bathroom is placed between the bedrooms; there are linen and coat cupboards opening from the hall.

The living room has one entire glass wall to the view and a feature is made of the fireplace. Service from the kitchen is direct into the living room.

The minimum fireplace required to accommodate this house is 48 feet. The total area exclusive of carport is 1800 square feet.



# A Barque called "Content"



JACK PEARSON

England's naval name was made by the rough bearded seadogs who named the trackless ocean as they felt at the bidding of their vagrant gods.

THEY were the sea dogs of Victoria.

The red-headed Elizabeth, who—poor Elizabeth, poor voyage, and always a Queen—was indispensable to the English throne . . . predecessors of the second Elizabeth who saw rules the strong realm.

In her name, they called the Seven Seas. They were seafarers and sailors: men who—nobles and men born—born.

A few left these record annals boldly across the pages of world-history: more saw their brand made of glory share for a moment and then flicker and fade into the oblivion of forgetfulness.

Among those lost were the crew of the barque they called "Content." Who to-day remembers the "Content"? Yet the "Content" had her hour of pride . . . as has great bar-

ques: the deeds of others have dimmed its fame.

It all began about five o'clock on a splendid Sunday morning . . . June 13, 1881.

Under the "Admiral," Sir George Colvill, and in company with two other barques, the "Hesperus" and the "Swallow," the "Content"—as befitting her name—was sailing gently along the coast of Chile towards Cape Horn.

The morning mist had cleared just another morning . . . with a light easterly breeze ruffling the wave waves. But suddenly the look-out alerted instantly. Towing alongside the crew of the "Content" appeared the bows of a straggled line of ships towing the barques.

Anticipation—and, no doubt, greed—must have shaken the members of the "Content." Thus they were hoping might be the great Pike Fleet, bound from Copenhagen to Spain and laden with the treasures of the New World.

It was a heady expectation; but soon to be dashed. With the east wind freshening, the two flotillas converged on Cape Horn and it became obviously clear that this was no Pike Fleet. It must be—was—an enemy battle-squadron out to trap unwary transports on the Spanish Main.

Within an hour, the crew of the "Content" could distinguish four "Armadas" brigs, towering galleons, two of 700 tons and two of 650 tons, turreted with rows of heavy cannon and their gilded prows gliding challengingly in the morning sun. On their decks distinguished two sand-drawers . . . like craft of about 300 tons. And above each loomed the banner of Spain.

Then a cannon boomed from the leading "Armada" and the Spanish moved into fighting formation.

The "Content" was armed with one "lighter" (a small piece of ordnance of about a three-inch bore), one "baker" (an even lighter cannon), one "saker" (a kind of miniature mortar) and two "port-bow" (they shoot-chasers). Her cannons, too, were no better equipped. But, determined and equipped, they made their choice.

Though there can surely have been a more ferocious chance, the "Content" and her comrades changed course and dashed at the Spaniards.

The thunder roll of the sea's gunnery answered them and the two flotillas clashed in a general melee. Sir George Colvill—so was his right—selected the "Armada" of the Spanish Admiral and ramméd his opponent straightaway. In his turn, Captain Lisle swung the "Content" up with the "Vice-Admiral" and, "ranging along by his headable quarters of him, gave him a volley of muskets and great shotguns (then coming up with a small ship ahead, backed by its main crew that she paid across.) So—hand, the "Hesperus" and the "Swallow" also burst into the fray.

It was a gallant effort, but it failed. As the "Content" prepared to re-engage the "small ship" a lowering cloud of smoke rolled from Sir George Colvill's craft. The Spanish commander had been more than she could withstand.

Seeing disaster awaiting their Admiral, the "Hesperus" and the "Swallow" backed down and fled. Dipping under the fire of the Spanish Vice-Admiral and that of "another great ship of theirs," Sir George Colvill was also beaten out to sea and "traced to the Northwest with all the rest."

The "Content" was left alone . . . and beached. And still undaunted Two "Armadas" came up first with her and tried their wiles.

**SILAGE** - of - things - to -  
- cause, eh? A clock (which  
the US National Bureau of  
Standards has successfully  
titled "the atomic clock") is  
accurate to one part in 30  
million. The new time-piece  
is controlled by the constant  
vibration of the vibrations of the  
atoms in cesium molecules.  
It is reported not to vary  
more than one second in  
three-thirty of a year . . .  
provided, of course, that you  
don't drop it on the bathroom  
tile and then sit on it.

"Thinking that we could not escape  
them." The crew of the "Content"  
responded by once more "falling into  
protr."

At the same time they put  
out boats and commenced to tow  
the "Content" into shallow water  
out of reach of the "Armadillo."

But the Spaniards pressed after  
them. For obvious reasons, the  
crew of the "Content" were thereby  
compelled to note that the "Lord  
of the sea" did send a fierce gale  
of wind at the Northwest off the shore."

Never one to look a gift horse in  
the mouth, the "Content" straight-  
away tacked to the east. On her  
lee, within fifteen feet, was one of  
the Spanish small-ships; an "Ar-  
madillo" lay to the West. Another  
"Armadillo" and another small-ship  
were dining in solemn. There was  
just one bull-horn left. The "Con-  
tent" took it.

"Thinking is avoid them," she  
surged between the first small-ship  
and the westward "Armadillo." Where-  
upon Gunner William Clumey came  
into his own. "With a fortunate  
shot he pierced the Armada between

wound and water . . . so that she was  
forced to stand for aye."

The crew of the "Content" dashed  
through the ship.

Hardly had the "Content" broken  
off the engagement, however, than  
two other boats were sped fast ahead.  
For an instant, the "Content's" men  
deluded themselves that these were  
the "Bopow" and the "Bowlaw."  
They were not long in being disillusioned.  
Through "a loose pile,"  
the ship, deadly form of two pillars,  
glared streaming at the crew . . .  
came sailing towards her.

The "Content" again made for  
shore.

Hardcore Spanish continued  
welcomed her re-appearance, but the  
"Content" nursed staggering on. She  
actually reached the comparative  
safety of the shallows.

But she had counted without the  
galleys. The ships were their  
favorite hunt. They sped to-  
wards the "Content."

Then, unexpectedly, there was a  
moment. The sails of the galleys  
shivered and halted. Never at a loss,  
the "Content" recommenced to try  
maneuvers. Summoning "a Portu-  
gall which they had," the crew ap-  
peared him in splendor to inform  
the galleys that "our ships was of  
the Galle of Terra Firma and of  
Sail (Bevilin)."

The galleys received the well-  
sweet lie with a heavy belly-lug  
and "with that they led to amaze  
English dogs and sought to lay us  
about."

The "Content's" riposte was a rat-  
tling discharge of musketry; one galley  
fell off detached, but the second  
charged home into the "Content's"  
sides, the swiftness swarmed ship,  
and the sortie was repulsed only when  
Captain Lisle had cut down the  
Spanish leader in his own cabin.  
Under a shower of steel-bombs and

"fire-bombs," the galleys withdrew  
to lick their wounds. There was a  
second halt.

But it was merely a breathing  
space. The crew of the "Content"  
were engaged in singing "the first  
part of the 25 Psalm, praising God  
for our deliverance," when an Eng-  
lish voice from the crew of the slave  
carrack was heard shouting lustily  
from the galleys "They're for you  
again!"

Alas! like an echo, the two gal-  
leys, reinforced by a frigate, once  
more launched themselves at the  
"Content."

Perfidiously smiling on their right  
to supernatural aid, the "Content's"  
men lauded dedicated themselves to  
"God and Her Majesty," whereupon  
ten of the ordinary seamen promptly  
settled below-decks (let us be op-  
pressed about it and say that they  
wished to continue their devotion  
in secret). The remaining 15-pre-  
ferring privacy "to praise the  
Lord and pass the evening hour"-kept  
their posts. They included all the  
officers and seven A.B.'s. "Working  
a pile of fire in defiance of the  
seamen," they challenged a single  
Spanish Don to set foot on the planks  
of an English deck.

And they made good their boast.  
Though the broadsides raked until  
11 o'clock that night, the "Content"  
regarded onslaught after onslaught  
by midnight on uneasy quiet had  
made over the waves, but now and  
again a Spanish hat would threaten  
"to make an end to us in the morn."

It was not until 2 o'clock the next  
morning that Captain Lisle felt a  
chill breeze brush his cheek and re-  
covered a gale storming in from the  
east-north-east. With all sail set, the  
"Content" ploughed through the Span-  
ish blockade and onwards to the open  
sea . . . and life.

Though the "Armadillo" pursued her  
for another 24 hours, she held her  
head. Early on the morning of June  
15, the "Content" was beyond man's  
harm . . . but alone still. Her com-  
rade were as if they had never  
existed.

Rocking in the Caribbean swell, her  
master and crew reckoned the score.

The "Content" had fought and  
huffed eight Spanish ships . . .

On the debit side, she had had "her  
sides, hull and masts" scored thick  
with gunshot bullets, her decks, tops  
and shrouds were almost cut asunder  
by their shot; the galleys had bat-  
tered "five masts" pieces against her  
people, 25 shot had pierced her main-  
sail, four had cut her main-top-  
sail, seven had torn her fore-top-  
sail, five had slashed her fore-top-  
sail, her "upper part" was badly shattered  
in five places. But of her crew  
though whether that is an understated  
statement to good luck or a sorry  
tale on Spanish generosity is doubtful,  
she had had "not one man slain,  
but two hurt."

On the credit side, she had dis-  
abled one "Armadillo" (about three  
times her size), raked two galleys  
to shivering-junk; and left a frigate  
so heavily pounded that it became  
unseaworthy and afterwards re-  
sounded. "In the galley above 40  
Spaniards were slain, and many  
more hurt in the combats."

So the "Content" sailed back to  
Plymouth Hoe. No royal reward  
awaited Captain Lisle; there were no  
medals for Gunner Clumey; in  
later centuries no Tennyson composed  
another "Last Fight of the Revenge"  
in her honor.

Yet, somehow, I think that, when  
the "Content" passed up Plymouth  
Sound, she did not baffle her name.  
She was indeed content.



• Our office miss indignantly deems that she was and she defiled women, she merely pointed out that most of the polish they had was on their fingers. • Which probably explains why there are only two kinds of man—the good and the bad. • Thus leading us naturally to remark that nowadays you're not to retreat to meet some girl halfway. • Domestic Hints: Women have a sense of humor; the more you know them, the better they like it. • Two heads are better than one—but not in the same family. • Criminals Corner: We know a man who's seen the light, she used to be a professional shop-lifter—but she got swiftly tired of lifting shops. • For Mathematics Only: A survey reveals that even can't spell as well as women—and their figures aren't as good either. • Fashion Footnote: A bralette shapes a woman's past, present and future—all at the same time. • Which led our Professional Practitioner of Verbiage to remark that his girl is divine and like de vice she clings. • Sports Section: Our Athlete Expert comments that he's a bad loser—he doesn't like to see the best man win, he wants to win himself. • Police William Tell: We're just heard of a Parliamentarian who officially opened an archery contest, unfortunately for his Public Relations Office, he just missed a nail by. • This-Rooming-World-Department: In the rain, bad old days, it took about six weeks to travel from Australia to England and about two days to get a passport, these times it takes about two days to make the trip and about six months to get a passport. • Moment for Motoring: Traveling faster than sound will have at least one advantage: it will eliminate the voice in the back seat. • Courtesy Caution: Many men who stand on their dignity have precious little standing room. • Financial Fragments: A friend of ours has just gone bankrupt; he used to manufacture shoulder- straps. • And did you hear about the wealthy businessman who took a tumble for a Milsde and lost his balance at the bank? • Interesting Incident: England is an island, surrounded at the moment by hot water. • Our office well doubts the law of gravity. It's much easier, he says, to pick up a girl than to drop her.

OUR SHORT STORY: Australian goddesses scooting New Australian motorcyclist: "Who's your name?" NAC: "Humboldt'scumbus." AG: "Humboldt'scumbus?" NAC (speechlessly): "With an H."

# KATH KING THE WRECKERS



BY SYLVIA CANTORIN & PAUL BELLEVUE

THE INDEPENDENT CITY EXPRESS  
REPORTS THROUGH THE  
NIGHT OPEN SWEETENING  
OF COUNTRY ON ITS  
OVER-NIGHT RUN...



PREPARING TO SLEEP  
THROUGH THE JOURNEY,  
KATH KING, THE AGE  
FEATURE WRITER OF  
THE GAZETTE, SETTLING  
TO AN EARLY NIGHT



THAT'S HOW SHE COMPOSED  
AT SIXTY MILES AN HOUR



ACCIDENTS HAPPEN  
SOMETIMES



SHE CLIMBED OUT  
ONTO THE REAR OF  
WRECKAGE



KATH SEES THE WRECK  
AND HEARS THE  
CRASH OF PLATES  
SHATTERED WITHIN THE  
TRAIN



AND KATH FINDS THE  
CANDY BOX OPEN THE  
DOOR OF THE CUPBOARD  
CLOSET



GRABBING A BLANKET  
FOR PROTECTION SHE  
TRIES TO GET OUT OF  
THE CASH, BUT



FALLING TO THE TRACK  
SHE MEETS ALL KINDS  
BLEEDING PASSENGERS



KATH MEETS THE  
SARIN PLASTER GUARD  
OF THE TRAIN



SHE IS TRAPPED



WITH A PIECE OF BOARD  
KATH WOOD SHE CLEARS  
A WAY OF ESCAPE  
THROUGH THE SHATTERED  
WINDOW AND



"I HAD A JOB GETTING  
OUT"



"I CAN'T DO MUCH  
HERE. I'LL GO FOR  
HELP."





KARL WATCHES THE  
TRUCK GO BY  
WITH A FEELING OF  
LONELINESS



WHISTLING NERVOUSLY,  
KATH APPROACHES THE  
LIGHTED SHACK, BUT --



SHE STOPS WHISTLING  
AND MOVES QUICKLY  
INTO THE SHADOWS OF  
A TREE AS SHE SEES --



THAT TRUCK DRIFT  
STOP FOR MOMENT --  
DIDN'T I HEARD  
SOMEONE --



YOU'RE  
TITTERY

COME ON, LET'S GET THIS  
STUFF BURIED, AND  
GET OUT



WHAT KATH HEARS  
MAKES HER SUSPICIOUS  
AND GIVES HER A  
SUDDEN SENSE OF DANGER



IT WAS SOME BUST-UP,  
THE WAY THAT GUY  
JUMPED SCARED ME.  
IT'S WORTH IT



AS SHE HEARS WORDS  
THAT SUGGEST THESE  
MEN WRECKED AND  
BORROWED THE TRUCK,  
KATH CAN'T RESIST  
A GHESS, AND --



-- A MOMENT LATER  
THE DARKNESS AND  
RUNNING TOWARDS  
HER AND SHE IS  
BEING DOWNHILL IN  
THE DARKNESS BUT --



-- SHE TRIPS ON THE  
UNEVEN GROUND AND  
GOES DOWN A MOMENT  
LATER TO BE  
PRISONER



KATH HAS STUNNEDLY  
LEARNED THE MISTAKE  
OF THE TRUCK-WRECKERS --  
SHE KNOWS ONE  
HIDDEN PLACE, TOO



KATH IS THROWN ROUGH  
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WHILE THE SCENES  
DEVELOP WHAT TO DO,  
ABOUT THEMSELVES --  
AND ABOUT THEIR  
UNWANTED PRISONERS





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JOE MURCHISON MADE A MISTAKE WHEN HE FLED FROM THE PAST BUT IT WAS NOT TOO LATE TO CORRECT IT



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FICTION

# Flight to Honour

TOBE Cliflands stood beside the bed, looking down on their four-year-old son. Joe Clifland pulled his tobacco from his pocket and began rolling a cigarette, his grey eyes staring quickly from his hands to his son and back again. His twisted friend was fixed same, and he looked older than he was. "What do you think's the matter with him?" he asked curiously.

She dropped a hand lightly to Joe

Annie's forehead and held it there a while. "Nothing much I don't think. His temperature's down again, and he seems easier in his stomach."

Joe stuffed the cigarette in his mouth and looked for his watch. "If he gets any worse I'll have a chat to the doctor at the 3 o'clock session from Alice."

She felt relieved as she stopped to tuck the boy in warmly. It was good to know that you could talk to a

doctor on your transmitter, even though he was 200 miles away. The station life wasn't so bad, with the Flying Doctor Service laid on.

They walked out to the kitchen. Joe threw up the window and stood staring out across the miles of plain to the east.

It was early afternoon, and the sun made strange dance out there on the grey horizon. He'd ridden in at lunch from the station, and left the sweater to finish it off. He'd had cattle today. The wireless had been

with him all day, memories of the past that he'd run away from to try and forget.

She knew it. She came and touched his arm and smiled at him. "Forget it, Joe," she said.

He glanced down at her and ruffled her blonde hair playfully. "You ought to have been a psychologist."

"I know you, Joe," she said lightly. "How how about a cup of tea?"

"Thanks," he said, and resumed gazing at the plain.

They sat down to tea and cake. They were quiet. Joe made occasional remarks about the condition of the stock, and Shirley knew he was trying to crack himself. She understood him. Today was one of his depression days. He was at the trial again, leaving the suitcase again. Or perhaps he was flying Dakota planes for the big air-line before the trial. Joe had been a pilot for the air-line over three his discharge from the Air Force. He'd been a good pilot, and the life had suited him. Those far-off times had suited her too, the first matter. She linked city life with it ships and theatres, she liked to visit her friends and have them visit her; she liked to be able to talk to her neighbours.

Shirley didn't know to this day why he'd gone and not returned in the surrounding racket. Money, she supposed, though they'd never wanted for it. Joe had never talked to her about it. It was a secret part of Joe's life, and she never pried him. She loved him, and she accepted him as he was, a man who'd made a bad mistake and paid for it. It had cost him a three weeks' trial, a lot of damages, and a two year good term. And it had cost Joe Murdochson his good name and job.

That had been his name then, Joe Murdochson. He'd changed it after his release, and fled from the past. She hadn't minded becoming Mrs. Cleland, and she hadn't minded leaving with him to Northern Territory. She didn't mind doing anything, if it helped Joe to live down his mistake.

He could do it up here. "Nobody knew them, and few saw them. Shirley remembered hearing that the past always catches up with its victims, and she hoped it wasn't right. Joe was a good man. He was ashamed of his crime, and he'd run again if necessary rather than face

it. She knew that by the thousands that was part of his now. He wasn't the careless Joe Murdochson any more.

The driver of the plane touched her shoulder now and she looked at Joe. Joe rocked his head and looked puzzled. "Penny," he said. "Small's Tourist crate isn't due till Monday."

She reflected on Small's schedule. They ran a tourist service out the way, and they called at Joe's shop every Monday. "No," she said, "but perhaps Small's have watched their schedule."

Joe was at the window, searching the sky. The clouds grew thicker. Then Joe saw it. "It's not one of Small's," he said. "It's a Moth."

The name struck a chord in her. Tiger Moth. Joe used to fly one of these between his trips for the airline.

She came and stood by him, watching the plane come in and turn in a wide circle over the strip. And without knowing why, she experienced a feeling of dread. There was something fearful about the strange plane.

Again the thoughts of the past that always catches up with you. She knew instinctively that this little white pill out of the sky meant trouble. But who should it, she asked herself. Joe Murdochson had paid for his mistake.

It came down slowly onto the strip as a three-point landing, and Joe said, "Where! Whoever it is, he knows how to handle her."

Then the plane veered round and landed back towards them. Then the pilot climbed out and came towards the hangar. A very tall man he was, and the strongest stress of his eyes seemed vaguely familiar to Shirley Cleland.

Joe turned sharply to her. "Know who it is?"

There was shock on Joe's face, and

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Shirley felt the fear grow big. "What?"

"Wilder," He said it slowly, like as if the name split his ears.

She studied the man's strange features as he drew near. Yes, it was Wilder. The name upon around in her head. It couldn't be anyone worse than Wilder. He was the last person Joe wanted to see. He'd been a pain in the same neck as Joe had worked for. And at the trial he'd been the chief witness against Joe. Someone had talked to the airline to get Joe his rap. And though it never came out who the squealer was, Joe put two and two together. Wilder and he had never let it. Wilder was the type who'd do anything for promotion. And after the trial, Wilder had been transferred from the small route he'd been flying to the big Dakota of Joe's. Last, Joe had heard of him, he'd left the airline and was preparing to start a private line of some sort.

Now, he stretched out his hand. "Hello, Joe."

Joe took his hand. "Hello, Frank." Wilder put his dark eyes on Shirley and smiled. "And how's Mrs. Cleland doing these days?"

There was a half-smile behind the "Mrs. Cleland," and Shirley felt her fear grow stronger. She knew Wilder well enough to know that he wouldn't fly all the way out here on a social call. Wilder wasn't that type. Anything he did, he did to benefit himself.

Joe gestured towards the kitchen. "Shirley takes the weight off your kin over a cup of tea."

Wilder sat down and glanced around the kitchen, while Shirley bustled about getting tea and sandwiches.

An uneasy atmosphere pervaded the room. Joe refilled a cigarette and

smoked nervously. Wilder sat relaxed, his eyes playing warily around him.

Shirley poured the tea. "Will you be staying the night, Mr. Wilder? We have a spare room, if you wish to."

He smiled, a tight half-smile. "No thanks. I'm only on a flying visit. I want to talk business with Joe here for a while, and then I'll be off."

Joe said, "How did you learn we were here?"

Wilder stirred sugar into his tea thoughtfully.

"The private air-line got around, Joe."

He didn't say more than that, and they knew he wouldn't. That was the old Wilder. Self-controlled and secretive of his own designs.

"How's the cattle-raising going, Joe?" he asked after a while. "More money in it than the air-line gave you, I guess?"

"No," Joe told him. "Up to date it's been all work and little money. I've had to spend heavy on horses and barns, better stock." Then he looked at Wilder straight. "But it's still good to get away from people."

Wilder nodded. "I know, Joe. A thing like that drives you away from civilization."

Joe was quiet, and Wilder went on quickly. "You know, Joe, that was a damn shame. I reckon pilots have counted as an unscrupled grade plenty of times before, but you had to be the unlucky victim, and they held you up as an example. I hated having to witness, Joe. But you know how it is. They won't let you hold out on them."

Joe Junior moved softly in the next room and Shirley went in to him. Wilder looked surprised. "Well, that's one thing I didn't know—that the Marshmans had a family."

Joe nodded. "Yes, that."

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"Congratulations." He returned his cup and saucer to the table and stood up to flip open a gold cigarette case. "Smoke, Joe."

"No, thanks," Joe felt himself on edge. Wilder was being too nice. Something was in the wind.

Shirley came back and Joe said, "How is he?"

"The temperature's up again, but I've got him off to sleep."

Joe looked back to Wilder. The waiting had lasted too long and he wanted to get it over whatever it was. "What was the business you wanted to talk over with me?"

Wilder smiled and sat forward in his chair.

"Yes, I might as well come to it. Could you use a thousand quid, Joe?"

Joe looked at him sharply. At the table, Shirley froze momentarily and went on taking up the dishes. They both knew Wilder didn't go around offering people a thousand unless he got a lot back in return.

"I could use it all right," Joe said at length. "But what's it all about?"

Wilder got back gently and told him "You've probably heard I'm starting a private air-service, Joe?"

Joe nodded.

"I'm going to run tourists from The Alps, out through Hermannsburg and Heart Reef and up to The Ghanies. I am to land at Hermannsburg, Heart Reef, and again here before going on to The Ghanies. I'll have buses to connect with each stop to take the passengers on road tours to anything worth seeing." He smiled.

"I understand the tourists get quite a kick out of seeing your cattle stations."

Shirley stopped washing up and stared at Wilder.

Joe said, "Yes, they do. But this run you're planning is practically the same as Sam's run, except that

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Smalls make this their terminus and don't go on to The Granites."

Wilder looked away. "Exactly, Joe. And sure the run isn't big enough to hold two of us, I'd just have to cut Smalls' out."

Joe knew just what was coming, and so did Shirley. And Shirley hoped Joe would have the courage to say no.

"I reckon," Wilder went on, "that my better service, and the addition of The Granites on my run," he leaned forward, "and the sole right to use your strip, will cut Smalls' trade so much that he'll quit inside three months."

Wilder sat quiet then, looking at Joe. Joe looked at Shirley and saw the looking in her eyes as she looked at Wilder. Smalls' Air Tours had been very good to them in their time up here. She looked at Joe, and her eyes said, "No, Joe. Not for two thousand. Don't do it."

Wilder spread his hands. "Bastard, Joe. Purely business."

Joe nodded, and for a moment Shirley thought he was going to agree. Then he said "You'd better try the proper name for it, Wilder."

Wilder gestured emphatically. "Look, Joe, I don't let sentiment creep in. And if you're wise you won't either. I'm making you a good offer, that you can only gain from by accepting. What do you say?"

Joe thought about Dick Smalls. About the time he'd given him life to Shirley and Allen. About the hundred dollars he'd done for Joe Cleland, so that Joe would be saved from trips. Dick Smalls was genuine right through.

Joe shook his head. "No, I won't do it."

"Of course not," Shirley cut in happily. "It's not a fair thing by Dick."

Wilder's face reddened a little, and he wasn't doing much smiling. "The

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make it fifteen hundred, Joe," he  
said.

Joe shook his head again. "You've  
got me wrong, Wilkie. It's not the  
money I'm thinking about—it's the  
principle of the thing."

"You're crazy!" Wilkie snapped.  
"Think what you could do with the  
cash! You admitted yourself that  
you're scratching to make ends meet  
here."

"I'll get by," Joe said.

"But why not make it easier for  
yourself?"

"Because I think it's a dirty move!"

Wilkie's fair eyes laughed and  
he stood up.

"So on a dirty move is it, Joe? Is  
it as dirty as swinging?"

Shirley spun around. This was  
what she had been dreading. But it  
had to come some time and now she  
was glad.

The word itself had surprised Joe.

He sat slumped in his chair, his  
eyes closed and staring white-faced at  
the floor. She wanted to shout her  
delights at Wilkie, to tell him how  
low he was. But she knew this was Joe's  
affair. She knew Joe must handle it  
himself.

"Well," and the transparent voice  
of Wilkie. "Do you co-operate or  
do I tell The Territory who Mr.  
Marchmont is? Now then up here,  
you know, Joe, and The Territory  
don't like good birds. Do you think  
this guy Dick Small would still be  
your friend if he knew your record?  
You needed your own good long suit,  
Joe. Why turn down good money?"

Joe just sat and looked at him, and  
Shirley knew that was all he could  
do. She knew he was fighting to  
find the courage to answer him like  
a man. But she knew, too, that he  
wouldn't find it.

Wilkie sat down again, and became  
his old complacent self. "Look, Joe,  
I don't want to be tough on you,

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write. Just be sensible."

Inside the next room, Joe Junior  
began to cry. Shirley left the room,  
and Wilkie went on talking passionately  
to Joe. Then Shirley called,  
"Joe! Here, quick!"

Joe Junior was obviously in pain.  
He was sweating and perspiring  
under continuous high and low temperatures.

Joe glanced at his watch. "It's just  
on five now. I'll get Alice on the  
telephone."

He came back into the kitchen and  
flashed on the telephone.

Wilkie said, "What's up—the lad  
sick?"

Joe nodded and twisted his face.  
Wilkie and his proposal were tem-  
perarily forgotten now as static burst  
into the room, and the voice of the  
back boy continued.

Joe listened to the operator, call-  
ing all code stations, including his  
own, as the line. "What any of those  
stations with sickness calls please call  
back," said the operator.

Joe began calling slowly and plainly  
into the blur of static "Ems Plains,  
Ems Plains, Ems Plains."

The boy came back "I heard Ems  
Plains. Go ahead Ems Plains."

Joe read the boy's symptoms. The  
operator read it back for re-checking,  
and told Joe the diagnosis would be  
ready shortly.

While they waited, Shirley looked  
at her husband. Did this mean the  
end of the Clelands and of worry  
and uncertainty? She hoped so, but  
she did not think Joe thought that  
way.

Five minutes later, it came. "Alice  
Spring Plains Doctor Edge calling  
Ems Plains. Are you listening, Ems  
Plains?"

"Ems Plains is Alice Springs. I  
heard you, Alice Springs. Go ahead,  
please."



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Richard like, Joe heard his wife gasp. "The son, Joe, it's cracked up!"

Joe stood at her White-faced, they looked at each other. Then their thoughts were the same and they looked at Wilder.

He sat perfectly composed, with a half-smile on his face. "Sure, Joe," he said. "I'll fly here in. Just give me your word on the steps prepared and we'll look off right away."

Stanley stared at him in horror. He was blacksmoking with a child's face at stake. She looked at Joe and saw the hidden look. "You've got to do it, Joe," she said. "It might mean Junior's life."

Joe's face set suddenly hard and he turned quickly back to the transmitter. "Eyes Please to Alice Springs." And his voice was shaky.

"I'll fly by my own in my plane immediately." He paused. Wilder smiled. Joe went on, and as he spoke now, confidence seemed to grow in his voice. "There is a plane here at the station, and I can fly it. I am Joe Marcheson, the pilot who was blacklisted and looked for a smashing effort."

He flipped the switch and turned to face the shocked planes of the room. "Thirty-five receiving stations heard that," he told Wilder. "And I don't care. I wouldn't go into a deal with you Wilder for all the money in



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the world. The snagging was a mistake I made and finished with. I made another one on becoming someone I wasn't. You'll never know how glad I am you turned up today and set the thing straight."

Wilder sat speechless, a look of bewilderment on his face. Joe grabbed up his coat. "Come on, Shirley, you're coming, too. Get Junior up and we'll go."

"I've run away from the past too long," Joe said evenly. "And I'd sooner die than have it catch up with me through a blackboard."

Wilder came towards him unhesitatingly. "You're an honest poor sucker, aren't you, Joe?" But when asked you think you can leave my place?"

"Yes" and Joe, and drove his left into Wilder's belly. And as Wilder doubled up, he smashed his right fist to the jaw. Wilder collapsed in an ugly heap on the floor.

"Joe!" Shirley stood behind the boy in her arms at the bedroom door. She had a frightened look about her like she'd just seen her husband go mad.

Joe jerked open the door. "Come on!"

She moved towards him and stopped looking down scared-like at Wilder. "What about him, Joe?"

"He'll keep till we get back."

Then he was striding towards the door, with the boy in his arms, and his wife was hesitating to keep up with him.

In the west of the place, he glanced around the sparsely interior. Shirley sat quiet. She still seemed scared of him.

"Know something, Shir?"

"What?"

"It feels great to be Joe Marcheson again."

She felt her heart leap and she touched his arm. "Yes, Joe. And it feels great to be his wife."

Joe Junior whimpers and started to cry, and Shirley looked alarmed. Joe only grinned. "Don't worry about him. He'll be in the doc's hands in an hour." Then the place was running and tearing down the stairs. Then, under the expert touch of Joe Marcheson, it was running and lifting gracefully. Joe Marcheson was dying to meet his past; and Shirley it.

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